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XXXVI.

Old Venice—A Story of the Middle Ages How True Love Beats Four of a Kind—The Beautiful Widow is Too Much for the Terrible Council of Three, and Several Others.

There is a legend of the Council of Three which is very popular, and which every guide tells you, while you are paying for his refreshment after the labor of going through the palace, which Mr. Tibbitts christened.

"THE STORY OF A SIMPLE NATURE."

In the days of the Republic, when the power of the nobility was at its hight, and in the hands of the Senate and Councils were the lives and fortunes of every citizen of Venice, there was a beautiful girl named Baptista—a girl so beautiful that her reputation extended through the entire quarter in which she lived. Her parents were very poor, which is the unfortunate lot of a very great deal of beauty, and in one sense wrong. A picture of silver ought to be set in a frame of gold, but then, on the other hand, it may be said that the gold ought to go to those who have no beauty, that they may have something. It is difficult to get things exactly right in this world.

Anyhow, Baptista was an exceedingly beautiful girl, as thought Alessandro, the gondolier, who was desperately in love with her. She was not, however, in love at all with Alessandro, as Lorenzo, a noble, had seen her and asked her hand in marriage of her parents. But Lorenzo was like a great many Italian nobles of to-day, he hadn't a picayune to bless himself with, and Baptista's parents very wisely concluded that a noble without any money would make a bad husband and still worse son-in-law. What they wanted was a son-in-law of whom they could borrow money occasionally, a son-in-law who had enough anyhow, that their daughter might occasionally send them a basket of provisions and help them to an occasional fete day. And besides, they knew that when Lorenzo tired of the simple girl, he would throw her off, at least they so believed.

And so they decided that she should marry Pietro, a hump-backed but well-to-do shoemaker, who was enamored of the maiden, and she, after the manner of the time, was forced to consent, much against her will, for she loved Lorenzo.

Now Alessandro knew nothing of the love that Lorenzo bore to Baptista, nor did he know that the little Baptista was madly in love with Lorenzo. In fact he believed that she was in love with him, for she listened to him in a guileless sort of way, and sighed like a bellows when he mentioned Pietro's name. From this and other indications he very firmly believed that could Pietro be gotten out of the way that Baptista would fall into his arms, and that as she would inherit all the money the miserly shoemaker had accumulated, he would be well fixed for life. He lusted for the shoemaker's wife with an ardor only equaled by his lust for the shoemaker's money.

And so one night when the guileless wife remarked with a sigh that she was sorry that her husband was mixed up in politics, and was receiving visits from Genoese emissaries; Alessandro took the hint. He was satisfied, and the next night a communication was dropped into the Lion's Mouth, accessible to the common people, accusing Pietro of conspiring against the State, specifying that his house was where the Genoese emissaries met, with a lot more of stuff. Pietro was as innocent of conspiring against the State as he was of doing a good piece of cobbling, but in the frame of mind the Council was in, nothing seemed more probable. The Genoese were attempting the integrity of the City, and there were discontented people enough in Venice to give them countenance.

Therefore the Council immediately ordered the arrest of Pietro, and to make sure ordered his wife also to be brought before them that night. This was more than Alessandro had calcu ated upon, but he could not help it. Pietro and the beautiful Baptista was brought before the dreadful Council of Three and examined.

Now the Council of Three cared nothing whatever for the lives of the accused brought before them, and they sent people to the headsman with as little compunction as the butcher puts the knife to the throat of a calf, but fortunately for Baptista, and very unfortunately for Pietro, one of the Council was a young and very inflammable man. Baptista, in a simple and guileless way, had an idea that no Council would waste a young and beautiful woman when they could so easily get rid of an old and hump-backed husband, and so when brought before the Council she unveiled her beautiful face, and posed so as to display to the best advantage her beautiful figure.

The members were very kind to each other. When one had a special reason for sparing an accused man he made a certain sign, and when he wanted one beheaded he made another. The young councilman made the first sign when he saw Baptista, and the business was done.

It was evident, it must have been to the three that the old man was as innocent a lamb as ever spoiled leather, and that Baptista was capable of conspiring against nothing but a piece of veal, but after the usual questions had been put Pietro was ordered out. There were three black balls on the pedestal, and the old man was hustled out by the right hand entrance, and in half an hour his poor remains were food for the fishes in the Lagoon, and Baptista was a widow.

As a mere matter of form, a few questions, very gentle ones, were put to her, and when the three retired there were three white balls on the pedestal, and she was conveyed to her lonely home, to which Pietro came no more.

The percentage she had was her wondrous beauty. One of the three had marked that, and she would have been acquitted had it been a certain thing that she had Genoese emissaries concealed in her house at the time.

COURTING THE WIDOW.

Then Alessandro put in an appearance. He made very vigorous and direct love to her, but to his surprise she did not reciprocate. She wept for poor Pietro out of one eye and kept the other fixed intently on the street for the appearance of one she longed for, and whom she had not seen since the decree of the Council made it possible for her to see him as she desired.

Lorenzo was not long absent, for he had heard the sad news, and he was nothing loth to renew his love even with the addition of the decapitated shoemaker's hoarded ducats. He could not only get the wife he wanted, but she had now money enough to furbish up his fortunes, to refurnish his palace and set him up in the world.

But now came another difficulty. Alessandro made trouble, but she in the most innocent way begged him to wait till she got out of her first mourning. But this was not the worst. The enamored Councillor turned up, and made more violent love to her than either of the other two. She, relying upon her innocence and simplicity, was equal to the emergency. She had rather too many lovers.

The Councillor was not to be trifled with. He found that she had another lover, and he had no idea of butchering shoemakers for the benefit of other men. He acted very promptly, and one night Lorenzo found himself before the dread tribunal. Being a noble, he could not be dealt with as summarily as Pietro had been, but he was placed safely in prison, the intention being to keep him there till after the fair Baptista had been safely captured, and then release him. He was poor, but he belonged to a powerful family, who would make trouble were any harm to come to him.

By this time Baptista came to know all about it. The young Councilman was madly in love with her, and he could not be trifled with, as he had the power in his hand to compel Lorenzo to follow Pietro. Her course was very plain, and she followed it with all the ardor of a simple Venitian nature.

She made love to the Councillor with great promptness, but insisted, as a preliminary, that Alessandro was a traitor, and must be taken care of. Nothing easier. That night Alessandro found himself before the Council, and his walk to the headsman was a very short one. He would never worry her any more.

Then she asked that Lorenzo be released. At this the Senator laughed derisively.

"Not much, my child. Lorenzo loves you, and that is a crime against the State when a member of the Three is in love also with you."

"In love with me!" laughed Baptista. "Oh, what a mistake. It is too funny! It is my sister Annunciata that he is in love with, and she, poor girl, is in despair. Can I see my sister go down to her grave with sorrow? How can you profess to love me and destroy my sister? Cruel man! But for the love I have for you I would never see you again."

And the tears started to her beautiful eyes, and he was touched. Lorenzo was a power in the State, poor as he was, and he had no reason for not permitting him to take Baptista's sister on the same terms he proposed to take Baptista. And so, exacting a solemn promise from her that she would be his—that phrase was in use in Venice centuries ago, the same as it is now, and meant just as much—the Senator went to the palace and ordered the release of Lorenzo. He was to see Baptista the following evening.

Baptista immediately packed up the deceased shoemaker's effects, including all his money, and hired a fast sailing vessel and had it in readiness at the quay. The moment Lorenzo emerged from his prison he was conducted on board the ship, where you may be sure he found Baptista, the sails were set, the rowers bent to their oars, they sailed out of the Lagoon upon the broad Adriatic, Venice and the terrible Council of Three were left behind, and in a few days Lorenzo was a citizen of Genoa, where, with the dead shoemaker's money he became as a citizen of substance. Renouncing Venice he was made a nobleman of Genoa, with the same rank he had held in Venice.

The legend goes on to the effect that the union was a happy one, and from the two sprang a long line who were of great repute in Genoa, and aided materially in the subsequent wars with Venice.

Be that as it may, the gentle Baptista, by the aid of the Council of Three, got rid of a disagreeable husband, an equally disagreeable lover, and finally married the man of her choice.

There is probably not a word of truth in it—there certainly is no moral—but what would this City be were it not stuffed with legends?

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Across a narrow canal from the palace proper is the famous State prison which has seen more needless suffering than any building in Europe, unless it may be the Bastile in Paris. It is all dungeons, no matter what floor you explore. There are dungeons under the roof and dungeons down under ground where the light of the sun never penetrates, and where darkness has undisputed reign. This dismal structure is connected with the palace by the world famous "Bridge of Sighs," a handsome arch thrown across the canal from the second floor of the palace. It is a narrow passage, or rather two narrow passages, with little windows on either side. It takes its name from the fact that a prisoner condemned to death by any of the Councils was taken over this bridge to the place of execution, and he caught his last glimpse of the Adriatic sea from the narrow windows, which naturally induced a sigh. If he had lain for months in one of the dungeons and was released, he passed over this bridge to liberty, and his first breath of fresh air came from these windows, and there was also a sigh, though quite different in its nature.

Thousands upon thousands have passed through this passage to their death, and the bridge is well and properly named.

The palace would be a delight could one see it and remain ignorant of the crimes which stain every stone in it. However, it is well to know all about it, that one may be sufficiently thankful that he lives in a day when such things may not be. That is the chief use of these remains of a "glorious past."

Washington Life.

Ramsdell in Philadelphia Press.

"I can point out to you ex-Senators here who can scarcely buy their breakfasts, who are so seedy and dilapidated that they will cross the street rather than meet an old friend. There are ex-Cabinet officers who used to bespatter us common people' with mud from their carriage wheels as they rolled grandly on, who are not recognized by their former associates. There are ex-Generals in the army, whose names have honorable mention in history, whose deeds will never be forgotten, and on whose shoulders the double star of a Major-General set with pride, now so poor and helpless that they are often hungry, without a cent to buy food. It is all such a painful phase of Washington life that I have not the heart to go on. But, it is not a pity, dear reader, that the same fate that takes away from a man the power to continue to be good and useful also takes away from him the power to end his miserable days with a bare bodkin? It is a gloomy, dismal subject, and we will drop it."

Not So Very Crazy.

Texas Siftings.

Mose Schaumburg had loaned Sam Bingtom $700. As Mose had not seen Sam on the streets of Austin for several days, it occurred to him to call at Sam's house, and find out how he was coming on. He did not see Sam, but Mrs. Bingtom was at home. She looked very sad, and had black rings around her eyes.

"I am in great distress, Mr. Schaumburg."

"Vat vash de matter?"

"Mr. Bingtom has lost his mind, and has been taken out into the country."

"Did he leave dot money mit you to pay dot note vot comes due next week?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Schaumburg, he is not crazy enough to do that. He has not lost his reasoning faculties entirely."

Well Off.

New York Telegram.

For some time two Italian orange girls had called daily at a certain office in this city. Recently one of them failed for several days to appear, and when her companion was asked about her she said that the missing one had been married. "Married, indeed! and to whom?" was asked. "Oh, she married very well." "Who is her husband—what does he do?" "Oh, he is very well off; he owns his own monkey and hand organ."

For the Blade.

A GARLAND FOR THE DEAD.

BY J. N. MATTHEWS.

Dumb be the bugle and the drum,
And light the footsteps o'er the brave;
'Tis not in festal throng we come,
With lips that laugh, and plumes that wave;
Nay, nay, a holier task is ours,
Love writes his elegy with flowers.

When May drops down the rolling year,
And lightly leads her choral train,
We turn with loving homage here,
To strew these tokens o'er the slain;
O'er those who perished when the tide
Of wild war swept the country wide.

Each rounded fortress at our feet,
Enwraps a hero's patriot fire;
Long since that heart has ceased to beat,
That valiant spirit to aspire;
Nor sabre's clang, nor cannon's roar,
Shall break the warrior's slumber more.

Among the tombs we idly stray,
Our souls with mournful mem'ries rife;
Till almost in the glare of day,
Those wasted comrades spring to life;
And here amidst the field and flowers,
We seem to clasp dead hands in ours.

Nor here alone does memory trace
Her sable lines of dumb despair,
On many a distant battle place,
Their eyeless sockets upward stare;
Where never weeping kindred come,
With bended head and muffled drum.

They sleep beside the Tennessee,
By Donelson's old ruined fort;
In Sherman's pathway to the sea,
The pale battalions hold their court;
From Franklin, Shiloh, Malvern Hill,
They answer to the death-roll still.

On Mission Ridge the wild birds chant,
Above the Gray blouse and the Blue;
And where the gallant hosts of Grant
Stormed Vicksburg, there the dead are, too;
Their records writ with shot and shell,
Show how they fought, and how they fell.

They rest by Libby's ruined pile,
From Georgia's hell their wraiths arise;
They sleep beside the dark Belle Isle,
And 'neath the Carolina skies,
A shadowy band and desolate,
Whose graves no hand may decorate.

By dim lagoons where serpents trail,
And seldom human footsteps pass;
Their bones are whitening in the gale,
And glistening in the tangled grass;
Their guns still mould'ring in their grasp,
The friends that felt their parting clasp.

Brave hearts! the flowers we pluck to-day,
And wreath amid the fragrant sod,
Are as the lives ye cast away
In war, for Manhood, Truth, and God;
The emblems of a love, we trust,
To live when dust returns to dust.

And now, with snowy pinions spread,
From frozen seas to tropic strands,
Sweet Peace, with olives round her head,
Again flies o'er the laughing lands;
And in the ancient fields of strife,
She sows the lily-bells of life.

A thousand Summers yet shall pass,
A thousand Winters sift their snow,
And bearded Time shall break his glass,
And War his trumpet cease to blow,
Ere Honor's clarion notes expire,
And Freedom quench her vestal fire,

The pyramids by Cheops built,
Aflength shall crumble and decay;
But never blood for Freedom spilt,
The tears of heaven shall wash away;
A sacred symbol shall it be,
Of those who died for Liberty.

IN AN INN GARDEN.

Temple Bar.

"That time—O times!—"

"I remember the girl as if I had seen her yesterday," said Madame Sophie R. "I do not know her history; I have never seen her again. But what I do know I will relate to you, since you wish to hear it.

Not far from the City of L. lies a little inn garden by a river. It is now some years since circumstances obliged me to spend a 12 months in L. I am not used to the life of a great City. I found little in it to please me; and it was with delight that I one day accidentally discovered this garden to which I could go easily, in which I henceforward found myself again and again with pleasure. A quarter of an hour by train brought me to a small station, at which I alighted. A brief space of dusty highroad then lay before me, still bearing traces of the adjacent City in mean houses, in ragged wayside weeds, whitened by the dust or splashed by the mud raised by a hundred carts and wagons that daily lumbered along to the city gates, in frequent wine shops and a half listless folk, in all the shabby life, lacking the characteristics of town and country alike, which clings about the outskirts of a great town. But a sudden turn brought me at once to a scene that had the charm of absolute peace among rural surroundings. A deep winding lane ended in a quiet little inn set between poplars and green hedges. Cocks and hens were forever pecking about the grass-grown threshold of the open door, or strayed into the pasages that led through the house; ducks quacked and straggled to and from a shallow pond; pigeons cooed; the deep resonant bark of a chained house dog announced every new comer. An atmosphere of homely country life, in short, lay about the whole place; it seemed to me a paradise of peace, and sunshine, and quiet that I had found, when I first discovered the little inn in its sheltered nook. A trellised vine was trained above the door in front, and behind the house lay the garden of which I have spoken. It was a long strip of ground shut in on either side by high bushy hedges and rustling poplars. There was no turf and hardly any flowers to brighten the uniform green; only a few straggling roses, a few bushes of rosemary set in some plots of thrifty vegetables near the house. Lower down, green vine covered *berceaux* afforded a cool shelter from the sun, and at the extreme end of the garden, divided from it only by a low ivy-grown wooden palisade ran a river which gave the whole place its character and its charm. It was not a wide or rapid river; on the contrary, it was a gentle stream, so narrow that every wild flower growing among the deep grass in the opposite meadow could be seen from the garden; so quiet that its unruffled surface had almost the glassy stillness of a pool, each blade in the fringe of grass that overhung it from the high banks, each leaf of the water plants its tranquil current hardly stirred. Above and below the little inn the river made a bend; willows and elms closed in the prospect, and added the charm of the mysterious beyond to the deep seclusion of the scene. Immediately opposite the garden lay a breadth of verdant meadow land shut in by rising ground behind, by trees on either side; red and white cows sometimes wandered there or came down to where a break in the overhanging bank had allowed a muddy path to be trodden to the river's edge. For sunlight and shadow, for peace and the suggestions of peace, for coolness and verdure and silence unruffled except by the inarticulate murmur of ripple and birds, I know of no spot to equal my little river garden.

I describe it minutely, for it is inseparably connected in my mind with the girl whom I saw there for the first and last time. As I think of her it shapes itself in all its details as the background to her image.

I had visited it often through the long, hot Summer; I had made friends with the cheerful hostess; I had dined there and sat through some long afternoons, reading and writing at one of the little green tables set about in the shady corners. I even thought at one time of leaving the city altogether during these sultry months, and of establishing myself at my little inn; fresh white curtains swaying to and fro in an upper casement seemed to promise an equally fresh interior; a cool retreat with a verdant prospect of trees and green shadowed water. But on reflection I gave up this idea. I feared to miss part of the charm of my garden in becoming familiar with it, in losing the sense of contrast between the hot roads and its leafy freshness by bringing the dusty cares of every day life to desecrate this tranquil nook, devoted hitherto to leisure and enjoyment. One grows an epicure in these matters, I find, as one grows old; a native pleasure, a fresh impression becomes a treasure to be hoarded, not recklessly used or flung aside after the careless fashion of youth. Therefore I resolved to stay in the city, and I was confirmed in this resolution by a certain Sunday afternoon excursion that I made to the little inn. Alighting from a crowded train and issuing from the station, I found the road lively with carts and public vehicles filled with young men and city maidens, and long before I reached my garden the sound of loud voices, of song and laughter, warned me of what I should find. I looked and fled. I did not grudge them the garden. Heaven knows. It was I who was out of place. But since it was quiet I had come to seek, I fled.

It was more than a week before I went again. I arrived early and found, as was was not unfrequently the case, that I had the garden to myself. It was drawing toward the end of the Summer, and the mellow sunlight, the sense of ripeness in the air, gave, as I remember, an added sense of repose to the quiet spot. I had seated myself in my favorite corner; the hostess appeared to be absent, but the little maid had served me my usual noonday meal of coffee and eggs. I had arranged my books and writing materials on the little table before me and on the bench at my side, and was looking forward to a long and peaceful afternoon when two newcomers entered the garden and arrested my attention.

At the first glance, indeed, I took them to be merely such a *bourgeois* couple as sometimes strayed into the garden to breakfast; but a closer observation made me at once change my opinion. The man, who was tall, fair, and handsome, was no *bourgeois*. His hands, in one of which he carried a pair of dogskin gloves, were white, with carefully-kept nails, and a plain seal ring on one finger; his coat was well-cut; he had an air of ease and good society. The girl, who was quite young, wore a neat pink cotton gown, rather faded in the wash, with a white muslin bow carefully tied under her linen collar; on her head, when she entered the garden, was a little white net bonnet with pink ribbon strings, a trifle faded, like her gown, but this she at once removed and hung on the branch of a tree, showing some thick twists of dark hair. She was slight, and she was also pretty, but more through coloring and expression, perhaps, than through feature; her cheeks had a charming natural bloom, set off by her pink gown; her eyes, which were small rather than large, shone with a brilliant fitful light under their dark lashes; she had a determined, almost stubborn looking mouth and chin, and not at all a classic nose. Her hands, which were gloveless, were pale and smooth as those of City girls used to a sedentary life are wont to be, but neither well shaped nor well kept. On one finger she wore a little cheap coral ring.

They had given their orders apparently on their way through the house, and sat down at one of the little green tables to await the arrival of their meal. My presence did not seem to disturb them in the least; though as they had placed themselves just opposite me, I was near enough to hear every word they said. Their conversation, in fact, was unintelligible to me, as it turned almost exclusively on persons and incidents well known to both, with rapid passing allusions to one thing and another. It was the girl who talked most; leaning forward a little, her arms folded on the table, she spoke with great vivacity; while her companion, lounging back in his chair, with his hands in his pockets, responded with an occasional word and nod. Now and then she sprang up and mimicked a gesture, a step, a movement; then, reseating herself, talked on as before. The restless gayety of her manner, in which there was no affectation, and which yet seemed to me not altogether natural, contrasted with the immobility of her companion. She laughed a good deal, while he hardly took the trouble to smile. All the effort, all the exertion of the conversation, were on her side.

She paused at last in her eager talk, and sat silent for a moment, leaning back in her chair, her hands clasped behind her head, her bright eyes gazing before her; then jumping up, she began to flit about the garden with the half springing step and inconsequent movements of a child. Espying a solitary flower on a climbing rose, one of the few roses which the garden produced, she sprang to get it and failed; it hung too high overhead. She desisted after one or two attempts, and the man, who had been watching her, slowly rose and went to the spot. He was tall, as I have said, more than a head taller than she was, and reached it without difficulty.

"Here is your rose," he said, holding it toward her.

She did not at once take the flower. She had torn her finger with a thorn, and was holding it in her mouth. "Give me your handkerchief," she said in a moment.

He drew a handkerchief from his pocket and gave it to her. It was a cambric one, with an initial embroidered in one corner. The girl took it; then using her teeth as scissors, she cut the edge of the hem, tore off a long strip that included the initial, and wound it round her finger.

"There!" she cried in a joyous voice. "Whoever embroidered that for you will never have her work used by you again."

"You have not an idea who worked it," he answered. "You, perhaps. One buys them by the dozen."

"I don't do embroidery," she said rather curtly. She took the rose from his hand. "This is mine?" she said. "Well, then, I give it to you. It was for you I wanted it."

She put it in his button-hole and felt for a pin with which to fasten it securely, but could not find one. "No matter," she said, "it will hold. Now promise me one thing—that you will keep it always.

He looked down at the flower. "Always?" This rose?" he said. "Do you know what a dead rose looks like? Like that"—picking one from the rose tree. "What on earth should I keep a thing like that for?"

She laughed. "Well, give me that," she said, snatching the dead rose from his hand and thrusting it inside her frock. "Now, we've each got one: and if I keep mine you might keep yours."

"I don't in the least want you to keep it," he answered; "but do if you like it. You're always sentimental you know."

"I'm not; you know I'm not," she cried "But I suppose one may have feelings."

"No, don't," he said, walking away toward the table again. This scene had passed so close to me, that I had inevitably heard every word that was spoken; and now, as her companion turned his his back on her, I saw a look of pain that momentarily whitened her cheeks and lips, come into the girl's face. She stood motionless, her brows drawn together, her fingers tightly interlaced, apparently struggling to master some almost overpowering passion or emotion. She succeeded. In another moment the b'ood came rushing back, her fingers unlocked with a snatch of song, and the same gay, springing step as before, she ran up the garden to meet the white capped maid who was advancing with a tray.

"Here is your breakfast," she cried. "And I am hungry. What have you ordered? Will there be chocolate and *galette* and an omelet?"

They sat down together just within the shadow of one of the vine covered *berceaux*, precisely opposite to where I still kept my seat and my book. Between us lay only the garden path, flooded by the hot midday sun. The girl interested me, and as it was they who had chosen their position opposite me, I found no indiscretion in keeping the seat I had previously held. Their repast lasted a long time. I observed, however, that while her companion made an excellent meal, the girl, who had declared herself hungry, touched hardly anything. All the delicacies she had desired appeared, and she allowed herself to be helped from each dish in turn, but she employed herself in feeding a cat and dog belonging to the inn, who had come and seated themselves one on each side of her. Her gay mood had changed a little; she talked less and looked more at her companion, who did not look much at her but rather at the dishes and plates before him.

"We are extremely dull," he said at last, taking out his watch, "and we may have to spend an hour yet in this hot little hole of a garden. I shall go and order some champagne."

He rose as he spoke, and walked away toward the inn. The rose, loosely fastened in his button hole, fell out as he moved. He did not notice it, but the girl did. She picked it up, pressed it with a passionate gesture to her lips, and thrust it hurriedly inside the bosom of her frock, pressing both hands tightly over it with an energy that brought the varying color to her cheek with a rush. When her companion returned, she was idly tracing a design with her forefinger in some spilt red wine on the green table. He glanced down at his coat.

"Where is my rose," he said.

"Have you lost it?" she answered, without looking up.

"I suppose so—I had it a moment ago."

He looked down and about it on the dusty ground. She also stirred slightly, and with the point of her shoe moved aside the leaves that clustered at the foot of the vine trellis. He resigned himself.

"You will have to get me another," he said.

"Never," she answered, leaning back in her chair with folded arms, and looking at him with a smile at once defiant and provoking. "I will never give you a rose again."

He shrugged his shoulders slightly. "As you will," he said; "I shall not die for want of a rose."

She looked at him for a moment in silence. "Die!" she said then. "I believe you will never die, unless it be of old age."

"Thank you for the prophecy," he said laughing, "and may you prove a true prophet. Here; let us drink to your old age and mine."

The champagne had been brought; he filled a glass and passed it to her. She just touched it with her lips, then, springing to her feet, held it aloft while in a clear untaught voice she sang a drinking song which at opera recently the fashion had made popular. Her companion who was smoking, joined in the chorus with a lazy hum, watching the while, with half closed eyes, the rings of smoke that he puffed into the air through at the end, whether by accident or intention, I do not know, the glass fell crashing to the ground.

"Brava! bravo!" said her companion. "Excellently well sung! But you have lost your wine."

He pushed his own glass toward her as he spoke. She took no notice of it, but she sang the song, dropping into her chair, sat with her elbows on the table, her chin propped on her hands, gazing before her into vacancy.

"Do you know what I should like better than anything in the world?" she said, suddenly turning to her companion.

"What?" he answered.

"To go once, only just once, to a box at the opera."

"Well, I will take you," he said.

"You will?" she cried eagerly. "Oh, when?"

"To-morrow night."

She sprang to her feet again, clapping her hands. "To-morrow night—do you really mean to-morrow night?"

"Certainly I mean it," he said. "I will take a box to-morrow, and call for you in the evening."

She stood looking at him, her hands clasped, as though in ecstacy. All at once a shade stole over her face.

"This dress," she said, looking down at it and lifting a frill, "it will not do—and it is the only one I have."

"Oh, it will do well enough," he answered carelessly; "put a flower in your hair. You always look charming, you know."

"But I want to go to a large box," she said, her eyes widening a little as with anxiety, "in the center of the house, where I can see every one and be seen."

"Yes, yes, I understand; but you will do very well. You can put a rose in your hair."

"The dead rose," said she, with a laugh.

"What do you mean?" he said, frowning a little.

"Oh, nothing," she answered; "see here is some one come to speak to you."

She turned quickly around as she spoke the last words, and stood with her back to him, her hand pressed tightly on her heart. The little inn maid had approached once more to tell the tall gentleman that his horse and servant had arrived and were waiting.

"I must go," he said with a certain alacrity. He paid the bill that the maid had brought, and rose.

"You don't mind staying here alone till the train comes?" he said, as he buttoned up his coat and drew on his gloves.

"Not in the least; oh, not in the least," she answered; "it is only half an hour, you know."

"Then I will be off at once. I have no time to lose."

He took up his hat, but still lingered a moment, as though he hesitated to say some final word. It was she who spoke it:

"Till to-morrow evening, then," she cried in her clear, childish voice. "You will call for me?"

"Yes, yes; that is it," he said, with an air of relief, and putting on his hat. "I will call for you."

They walked up the path together—she with her springing steps at his side. About half way up the garden she paused, and without any formal farewell, apparently, allowed him to go on alone, while she stood, one hand shading her eyes, the other pressed on her heart, in a way that seemed habitual with her. He walked on up to the inn, but before entering it turned and looked back. Instantly the girl started from her attitude, waving and kissing both hands in a sort of joyous adieu, till he had turned again and passed out of sight. One minute longer she stood, while a sound of horses' hoofs could be heard retreating up the lane, fainter and fainter in the distance. Then she turned. Gropingly, as though blinded by the sunlight, she made her way to the table again, and fell back in a chair as though she had been shot.

I thought she had swooned, so colorless was her face, so motionless her closed eyelids and loose hanging hands. I went up to her, and raised her head, which had fallen back against the wooden frame work of her *berceau*. She had not fainted, for she roused herself at the touch and sat up, leaning forward, her head drooping a little, her arms straight and rigid, her hands tightly clasped, like one in a paroxysm of anguish.

"Oh, I can't bear it—I can't bear it—" she said, as if the words were wrung from her.

"You are suffering. Can I not help you?" I said, trying to take one of her cold hands in mine. But she resisted the attempt, though I believe she was hardly conscious of my presence.

"Oh, I can't bear it!" she repeated with a moan. She sat motionless for a moment gazing before her with blank eyes. Suddenly she started to her feet, and stood with her face turned toward the inn. Her lips moved, but no words were audible. She made a step or two forward in the direction of the house, but her strength failed. She caught at the table to support herself, and sank back again in the same deathlike immobility, with the same deathlike pallor as before. Unable to guess the cause of her misery, I could yet divine by the reaction now, by this utter prostration, what the last hour had cost her. The wine still stood on the table. I poured out a glass and held it to her lips. She tasted it, then sat up and drank it eagerly. It revived her it only to a keener anguish; it gave her the power and the will to speak.

"I never wished him good-by," she said in heart-broken accents. "I might have said one word, and now it is too late. I shall never see him again."

She wrung her hands as if in bitter regret or self-reproach. No one could see a fellow-creature held by such mortal anguish as hers without striving to find the clue to it.

"Who is it you will never see again?" I said. "Not your friend who has just now left you? Is he not to take you to the opera to-morrow night."

"Oh, the opera—" she said, clasping and unclasping her fingers. "He was so anxious to deceive me, he forgot. There is no opera now."

It was true, though I also had forgotten it. There was no opera that season. In a moment she began to speak again, rapidly and excitedly.

"He thought to deceive me, but I deceived him," she said. "He never could have guessed that I knew. He would have hated me if I had made a scene. He used to like me, he said, because I was always bright, and he will remember me bright. I was just the same to him to the very last, though I knew I should never see him again."

She paused. Even then, though her words were apparently addressed to me, I doubt if she were fully conscious of my presence. She never once looked at me, or turned her eyes in my direction.

"How did you know?" I asked her at last.

"I was told," she said, more absently; "and I inquired and found it was true. When he asked me to come here to day I knew it was for the last time, and knowing what I did, his manner told it me too. We have often been here," she went on a little wildly, looking round her. "This frock—it was new the first time we came—and he said he liked it better than any dress he had ever seen." She started to her feet again, both hands pressed with the familiar gesture on her heart. "Oh, I can't bear it—I can't bear it!" she cried.

We were interrupted. "Lisa, I have come!" cried a voice from the upper end of the garden.

A young woman poorly clad in a dingy brown gown and shawl came running toward us with outstretched hands.

"Is he gone?" she cried breathlessly.

I do not know what it was that moved the girl. Whether the outspoken question acted like an as yet unrealized presentiment of her woe; whether the familiar apparition of her friend recalled too vividly the dusty gloom of the work-a-day life from which she had emerged, to which she was about to return. For one moment she stood looking at her with startled eyes; the next, with one swift rush she had reached the end of the garden, she had cleared the low palisade and sprung into the river. So swift was her movement that we heard the splash and noted the meeting waves while still too struck with horror to move from the spot.

She was instantly rescued. Just below the garden a little wooden platform, supported by piles driven into a bank, projected into the stream and made a mooring place for a boat. The boatman, a strong built, elderly man, was there, preparing to loosen his little bark. He heard the plunge. As the girl rose, he caught at her dress with his hook, and with his sturdy arms lifted her out of the water. Almost by the time we reached the bottom of the garden she was standing beside us again in the sunny path, dazed, dripping, half stunned, but otherwise not the worse. She stood still in the center of the path and looked down at her mud-stained frock.

"It is a good thing it will wash," she said in a minute with a laugh.

Her friend put her arm in hers and tried to draw her toward the inn; but she resisted, and freed herself from the grasp. She looked around her, shivering in the bright sunshine, and pushing back her long hair, streaming with wet, from her face. The man, with a shrug of his shoulder, had gone back to his boat. No alarm had reached the house; we three were alone. All at once the girl dropped on to a bench near by, and broke into an agony of weeping. Five minutes before I doubt if she could have shed a tear; now the cold, the clinging wet of her garments, the physical wretchedness and discomfort, had touched a lower chord of misery, and she wept convulsively with despairing, half broken sobs. Her friend, meanwhile, stood beside her. She was a pallid, rather sullen young woman, with a worn face. She did not speak, but put her arm round the young girl, who turned presently and hid her face against her friend. In another minute she rose, and suffered herself to be led away to the house.

I followed them, but only to desire the maid to see to their comfort and give them anything they might need. Then I returned to my afternoon's work. I can not say I did much. Shaken and startled by the scene I had just witnessed, my thoughts were with the girl who had roused in me an interest so sudden and so deep. I did not go to her. Involuntarily I had been an intruder in a tragic hour of her life; the recognition that the intrusion had not been unwelcome lay with her, and with her friend at hand I knew she would not feel herself helpless or deserted. Still I was unwilling to go away without seeing her once more. The hours passed; the girl's bonnet still hung on the tree where she had tied it in the morning, and by this sign I knew that she and her companion had not yet left the inn. Toward evening, when I was preparing to take my departure, the bonnet was fetched, and returning to the house I met the two in the passage, and found that they proposed returning to the city by the same train as myself. The girl looked pale and languid, and disinclined to speak. The pink cotton was clean and dry again, her dark hair was neatly coiled, but all the pretty color was gone from her cheeks, all the light had died out of her eyes; her frock hung about her in limp folds, and the crisp white muslin bow, which had given the last touch to her dress, had disappeared. All the freshness had gone from the toilet of the morning as from herself.

Her friend, I fancied, kept a sort of jealous guard over her, and we traveled back to the city in different carriages. On arriving, however, I sought her out before leaving the station. The interest she had awakened in me was too keen for me to let her go without some parting word.

"Will you come and see me," I said, laying my hand on her shoulder, "or may I come and see you? I should like to know something of you, to hear how you are."

She looked at me in silence.

"No," she said at last, shaking her head, "your life lies there—mine here"—pointing with her two hands; "we have nothing more to do with each other."

The words were defiant; but her voice and the look in her eyes were not. The next moment she had disappeared with her friend in the crowd. I have never seen her again.

It was long before I revisited my river garden. A desecrating breath had passed over its green *berceau*, a life tragedy had troubled the peace of its limpid waters. It was already Autumn when I saw it again; the paths were damp, the yellow vine leaves were beginning to thin. The silent melancholy discouraged me—I went there no more.

A Signal Station Three Miles High.

The Government has determined to establish a signal service station on the summit of Mount Whitney. Mount Whitney is supposed to be the highest peak of the Sierra Nevada range and, in fact, the highest in the United States, having an altitude of 14,898 feet above the sea level. It is described as "the culminating point of an immense pile of granite, which is cut almost to the center by numberous steep and often vertical canyons." It is situated on the west border of Inyo County, Cal., and about 325 miles southeast of San Francisco. The station will have an elevation more than doubli that of the station on Mount Washington, N. H., which is 6,288 feet above the sea level. As the data on which storm predictions for this coast are obtained from stations north of San Francisco, that on Mount Whitney will not be as useful to this coast as the Mount Washington station is to the Eastern seaboard. It will, however, serve for many important scientific purposes.

Where the Difference Was.

Philadelphia Press.

An Arkansas man had located in Texas on a few rich acres and after a year or two of Southern effort at farming got discouraged, packed his household goods in a wagon and started back to Arkansas. His dilapidated team, consisting of a Mexican pony and a Texas steer hitched together, were pulling the load leisurely along the road, when he met a neighbor, who saluted him.

"Helloa, Clayton! Which way?"

"I am going back to Arkansas."

"What for?"

"Oh, I am tired and discouraged. I can't raise any crops here; the country ain't worth a cuss for farming. It is alto-too hot."

"Well, Clayton, this man seems to have mighty fine crops," said the neighbor, pointing to a neat house and the clean, tidy-looking acres surrounding it, that were carrying a fine stand of different kinds of small grain.

"Yes, that is so," said the Arkansas traveler; "but, d——n it, Perkins, that man is a Dutchman."

Crushing a Dude.

New York Tribune.

A young woman riding in a Boston horse car had endured for 10 minutes the fixed gaze of an impertinent dandy, when a simple way of getting the better of him occurred to her. Assuming an expression of horror which gradually relaxed into amusement, she looked steadfastly for a moment at a point on his coat collar just below his ear, and then with a quiet smile turned her eyes away. Never was the complacency of a young fool more completely disturbed. He fidgetted in his seat, went through dreadful contortions and almost rolled his eyes out of their sockets in the effort to extend his range of vision to the point below his ear; brushed softly, then eagerly, then frantically, the suspected spot, and at last, in an agony of apprehension, rushed out of the car and into an adjacent bar-room in search of a mirror.

Weight of Men and Women.

The average weight of 20,000 men and women weighed at Boston in 1864 was: Men, 141¼ pounds; women, 124½ pounds. At the recent Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, the Department of Science and Educational Appliance detailed a clerk to record the weights of Western men and women. The number weighed was 22,115, and the total weight was 3,072,306 pounds. The men weighed number 7,467, weighing 1,150,108 pounds. The women weighed numbered 14,648, weighing 1,922,198 pounds. The average weight of each man was 154.02. The average weight of each woman was 130.87. The average weight of 141 men from Ohio was 157.38; the average weight of 179 women was 133.26. The average weight of 124 men from Southern Indiana and Illinois was 158.52 pounds; the average weight of 114 men from Kentucky was 158.32 pounds; the average weight of 188 women was 133.76.

Rather Embarrassing.

Wall Street News.

A cotton buyer for a New England factory lately met in Mississippi a colored preacher, who explained, during a conversation on religion, that he was doing the Lord's work on a salary of $8 per year, and that his congregation was in arrears for the last year's salary to the tune of $5.

"Can't you collect it?" queried the buyer.

"I reckons I mought, sah, but you see de situashum am radder embar'asin'."

"How?"

"Why, sah, if I should collect de money it would bust de congregashum, an' if de congregashum busts what's ter become of me an

THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE COMPANY, Publishers.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, MAY 24.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Florida built nearly 250 miles of railroad last year.

The aggregate value of the new revenue stamps will foot up to about $7,000,000.

A swell living in Harlem has some 50 or 60 neckties, which he wears alternately 10 a day.

The famous chestnut tree on Mount Ætna measures 210 feet at the base. Its age is at least 800 years.

The first metal found in the ruins of the Tuileries was coined into a medal and presented to Victor Hugo.

A verdant guest in a St. Albans hotel was observed trying to pick the wick of an unsatisfactory gas-burner.

The richest gold mine in the world is in Transvaal, South Africa. A ton of ore gives in some cases 1,000 ounces of metal.

Three factories in the United States consume nearly 2,000,000 eggs a year in making a peculiar kind of paper used by photographers.

"Hey, Rube," is a slogan of circus men to call all hands to the rescue when threatened by a mob. It is only used when the danger is imminent.

The salary of the Governor of Connecticut has been raised to $4,000, to take effect upon the accession of the next incumbent.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast the tempting worm,
In sweet expectancy to land
A trout and see him squirm.

The proposition is made in Boston to have a school holiday in the middle of the week, instead of Saturday, after the usage common elsewhere.

"General" Booth, of the Salvation Army, says his hair is turning gray, and he is growing old prematurely, all because of the wickedness of the world.

Although the *Independence Belge* circulates probably more extensively than any paper on the continent of Europe, it has not two columns of advertisements.

An English correspondent at Gibraltar telegraphs that sixes are sold publicly in the streets, a few yards from the English Legation at Tangier, for from $22 to $40.

A dude of Boston is trying to compile a dictionary, to be used by dudes alone. Such exclamations as "B'jove," "Chawles, you know," "I say, chappie," etc., abound.

The Elmira *Gazette* tells of a woman who applied for a place as driver. "Can you manage mules?" asked an employer. "I should smile," she said. "I've had two husbands."

A Cincinnati advertisement: "To Let—A four-room house near the center of the City, opposite a music garden; has a beer saloon on each side and all the other comforts of a home."

Following the Chinese plan, the British Government has conferred a title upon a dead man. That is to say, it has made the late Sir George Jessel's son a Baronet for his father's sake.

The Prince of Monaco, thanks to the rapid increase in his share of the receipts from the gambling-tables at Monte Carlo, has just been able to increase his standing army from 25 to 80 men.

Canes for dudes, made of single straws, are the latest thing out. It is feared they will be so heavy as to overbalance their brains, but a trial of them will be made in the cool hours of a Spring day.

Three Boston editors own a whole railroad in Florida to themselves. And it is said that they have got so accustomed to the habit that they won't even ride on their own road without a pass.—*Peck's Sun*.

The venerable senior and presiding Bishop of the American Episcopal Church, Dr. Smith, may be said to have been a citizen under every President of the United States. He was five years old when Gen. Washington died.

A writer says: "For a stimulant to every faculty give me a strong enemy rather than a weak friend." The trouble is that a good many people in want of "a stimulant to every faculty" put the strong enemy in their mouths.—*Philadelphia News*.

Not long ago a California gentleman struck a town in Kentucky, and was asked by the landlady of the hotel his business. "I'm a miner," he replied. "Then you're no good here," she retorted. "This is only a siphus and her Majors!"—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine*.

"Conductor, I want to get off a minute and buy some tea," said a woman in a horse-car yesterday. She was let off, the car moved off a few feet, became blocked, and back came the woman with a package of tea. She acted as if she thought the car had waited for her, and was obliged to.

The Comte de Paris recently sent to a nursery man in this country for some dogwood trees to plant about his villa at Cannes. One of his most vivid recollections of this country is of a battle fought by the Army of the Potomac in the Virginia swamps, when the woods were white with dogwood blossoms.

Not a good year for elephants. About the time that Barnum's Pilot met the consequence of native indiscretions in this country, the gigantic elephant at the Schoenbrunn Imperial Menagerie, near Vienna, was poisoned "by command." Fifty grammes of prussic acid was administered to him, after swallowing which he died in less than eight minutes.

A company has been formed in Vienna to undertake the general business of washing windows. It is likewise prepared to execute orders for the scrubbing of boxfronts and vestibules and the cleansing of mirrors and show-cases, and double-tax for all kindred operations. Under its guarantees such an undertaking might be made profitable in any large city.

The sale of Prince Napoleon's chateau at Prangins is alleged to be due to the neighborhood having become a head-center of Socialism. It is explained that it is not pleasant for the Prince, when taking a rural walk, to find himself face to face with a man or woman who openly declares that "the time has come for the slaughter of all Princes and Bourgeois, for when the hogs are fattened then is the time to kill them."

The taste for frogs' legs is now rapidly spreading in this country, after a long period of comparative stagnation. One of the largest dealers in the country, Mr. J. W. Beck, of Boston, has set 100 expert frog-catchers at work in the New England States, and estimates that the demand this summer will be double that of last year. An experiment in breeding bull-frogs in England is about to be made and a considerable supply of spawn will be sent over for that purpose next month.

The Red Acorn.

Columbus News.

"The Red Acorn," a novel from the pen of John McElroy, editor of the Toledo BLADE—published by Henry A. Sumner & Co., Chicago—came to us last week. So many books are written in these days that one, of necessity, is obliged to discriminate as to what shall be read and what discarded. But this tale, woven from the memories of a Great Rebellion, a vividly, realistic picture of the men and women whose courage and devotion form the great unwritten history of the late war, should be among the number retained. The scene is laid in Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee, and the characters are from life. Humor, pathos and vivid drama of battle are blended into each other, and form a fascinating whole that holds the interest of the reader from beginning to end. The gems of description scattered here and there are exquisite bits of word painting. After tasting it in hand, so intense an interest does it have that one does not care to lay it down, and when finished regrets that there is not more of it. The title is taken from the Red Acorn badge of the First Division of the Fourteenth Army Corps, with which most of the characters in the tale were identified; and, as Gen. Wabash held a command in that Division, and as there are many here who served with it, it will possess more than ordinary interest for them.

England Must Do Justice to Ireland.

Indianapolis Journal (Rep.), April 11.

England must make no mistake as to the mistake of America, nor must it misinterpret the sentiment of Minister Lowell. While execrating crimes against mankind, America also execrates the crimes perpetrated by English injustice for hundreds of years against the people of Ireland. While we discountenance and abhor the work of dynamite and assassination we equally discountenance and abhor the system of misgovernment which has turned one of the fairest spots of the world into a waiting place. England must do justice to Ireland.

At the Point of Death.

A clergyman in South Haven, Mich., who had been greatly benefited by Compound Oxygen, and who has used his influence to induce others to try it, writes as follows: "An elderly lady here, who is very glad to see to her household affairs, was long at the point of death from Consumption. A day or two since he walked out a distance of four blocks. All are expressing surprise concerning her recovery. The Oxygen is doing more for these cases than all the physicians. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, SENT FREE. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

For the Blade.

HOWARD C. TRIPP.

A Poet, who, at Sixteen Years of Age, Wrote Poems Equal to a Longfellow, or Whittier, and Whose Genius is Yet in its Prime.

A Brief Sketch of an Author Whose Life Has Been a Constant Battle with Poverty, Grief, Disease and Pain.

Agreeable to the request of several readers of the BLADE and who are personal friends of the subject of this sketch, I send for publication a short description of Howard C. Tripp, together with extracts of his poems, for the benefit of the many readers of the BLADE and for the purpose of introducing him to the public in his true light and character, in a manner that will forever answer the lying slanders of his enemies, who are jealous of his powers and growing fame.

Howard C. Tripp was born in the small village of Plano, in Illinois, of poor but respectable parents, on the 4th day of April, 1864, and, therefore, is a little over 22 years of age. He early showed a disposition for books and study, although he was physically a weak and puny child from his birth, having inherited a scrofulous disease from his mother, and from having several malignant fevers when very young.

As he grew his desire for books increased, and when his companions were at play or spending their time in fishing and hunting he could be found in the stillest portion of the house reading, or composing some of the poems that are destined to place him in the front rank of American poets. His favorite authors were found among the standard poets of America and Europe, although his poverty would not permit of the purchase of many of the poetical works of the day.

As the reading public care but little for the inner-life of an author we will make a few extracts from some of his best poems, and, therefore, give them a chance to judge for themselves, knowing that they will accord him as much praise as he deserves for his genius and labors in their behalf. Observe the exquisite beauty of the closing lines to his "Old Home:"

"Farewell! in leaving all the years
Of cheerful childhood quick return;
Farewell! farewell! we yet may learn
Of something grander for our tears.

"Oh! Home, adieu! yet as we roam
"Far from thy peaceful vale of rest,
We cannot home to be more blest
Than we were in our dear Old Home."

The above lines were written when he was only 11 years of age and are a companion piece to a much longer poem entitled "Incels and Fancies," of which we quote the opening and closing lines:

"The honeyed words of Love and Light
Are better far than all the slime
That comes from Hate's enslaving clime,
And fares, too, than blossoms white.

"Speech, if well-spoken, is a gem
As priceless as the sapphire skyes;
In it the gold of Fancy lies,
And all can wear the diadem!

"Wild are the words from frenzied brains,
But wilder still are those who claim
To light the road to love and fame,
And leave from life its cares and pains.

"O, could we only comprehend
Each secret of the universe.
How soon would we want to traversed
And journey to its utmost end;

"And knowledge can these secrets tell,
If man has patience to explore
The works of Nature, o'er and o'er
He will find where the secrets dwell.

"O, Progress! on thy welcome face
Is written all the hopes of men;
The Past and Future are the pen
That all day students must embrace!"

The reader will note the true philosophy of life in the last stanza and how nicely it compares with this portion of his beautiful poem, entitled, "How Sweet is the Dream."

"O, how sweet is the dream of the unending years,
So full of their glory, their gladness and gloom;
We sail on the stream thro' the billows of tears,
And live the old story whose end is the tomb!
O, how swe t is the tale of our life ere its end,
With its fancies and dreams and visions so fair,
On its time-tattered sail Hope remains as a friend
With her bright golden beams that will never despair."

In a poem of difficult meter, entitled "A Hymn of Hate," are the following noble sentiments:

"Oh, I hate the politicians, with their sordid, selfish lies,
And the world's creeds and conditions with their fingers in disguise;
And I hate the slimy kisses from my senseless foes unkind,
And the serpent sighs and hisses of the leaders of the blind;
Oh, I hate the degradations of a warrior's work and pain,
And the fickle, false creations ever flowing thro' the brain;
Oh, I hate the voice of sorrow that no human heart can stay,
And the hard hopes of to-morrow and the lost hopes of to-day;
Oh, I hate the marble pillows when I rest my head in gloom,
And life's ever surging billows on the journey to the tomb!"

In a poem singing the old, old story of love are the following suggestive stanzas:

"Oh, they tell us love is endless—that 'twill last forevermore,
That it will not leave us friendless, but how soon its charms are o'er!
Oh, how soon its fairy fancies their rich sweetness quick dispells,
Leaving us the wild romances of a million flaming Hells;
Leaving us to roam unbidden thro' a cheerless clime of care,
Where the flag of Doubt is hidden with the pennons of despair!

"Oh, the dreams and castle-building where we weigh love to dwell,
With such splendor and such gilding that no words can ever tell!
(And love gave no timely warning that would sadden either heart;)
Oh, the meeting in the morning, and the tears when we would part!
Butthow soon our sacred story was by flippant gossips told,
For she bowed beneath the glory of another's love and gold!

In this poem entitled "The Waterfall," one can almost hear the ripple of the rill while reading it:

"When Spring's first beam was on the stream,
The willows soon bright colors wore;
Strife was forgot in that gay spot,
Where waters fall to rise no more.

"The water clear will charm the ear,
While listening to its solemn roar;
In joy or grief, I found relief
Where the waters fall to rise no more."

And in his poem, entitled "The Brooklet's Song," what delicate harmony are in the following stanzas:

"Listen to the jingle, jingle;
Listen to the jingle, jingle,
For it is the brooklet singing,
Sweetest music ever bringing;
Ever springing, always ringing,
As it speeds its way along,
Underneath the rustic bridges,
Thro' the sandy tracks and ridges,
Thro' the valleys, where it rallies
All its powers for a song!

"Listen to its growling, groaning;
Listen, hear its swe et intoning,
As it thro' the meadows sweeping,—
In the forests gaily weeping,
With its music ever beating
To a light and airy tune,
Hear its loud and ceaseless chiming,
Purest language gaily rhyming;
Turning, swaying, love-notes playing
To the fairies' sweetest chime!"

He has written a large number of sonnets, songs and short poems descriptive of his life and home and inculcating lessons of hope and morality. Among his sonnets is the following one, which was pronounced by a competent critic to be one of the best in the English language, but which we do not deem as good as others he has written:

"Better a hut with vines o'erdrown,
And flowers blooming near the door;
Where joy's bright seeds are thickly sown,
And life is glad forevermore;
Than the best palace ever known,
With painted pates and gilded door;
Where sadness sits upon her throne,
And the poor heart unto its core
Hath more troubles than it should owne;
Better to be missing, unknown,
Abhinnered forevermore,
Than to tread, in a boundless zone,
The golden sands of a sun-kissed shore,
Where pain and grief come evermore!"

From his "Path of Time" we cull the following at random:

"When our childhood days are passing Hope will linger at our feet,
Wooing us with dreams of honor and with fancies strange and sweet;
Manhood is the same old story with the hope there yet will be
Something that will give us glory in the near eternity;
Old age leads us farther onward up life's often lonely vale,
Changing locks of gold to whiteness, making features wan and pale;
Still the same old fancies haunt us with its something seen'bline,
That we'll find a clime of gladness somewhere on the road of time."

Thus we cou ld quote from his poem at great length, but we will say in justice to him that his poems should be read in full and not by extracts, as they are so beautifully connected as to make it difficult to choose the most suitable quotation. His poems may be divided into three classes—descriptive, patriotic and passionate; and among his descriptive poems is the finest vein of humor, equal to the poems by Will M. Carleton.

He has been charged, by his enemies, as stealing the production of other authors, but the charges are untrue, as his poems are entirely his own. It is hoped that he will overcome his modesty sufficiently to allow some publisher to bring out his poems in book-form, with suitable illustrations and notes, containing a description of his choice of subjects. He has contributed to the press under the assumed names of "Bertha C. Steward," "Calvin Green," "Acta Columbiana," "London Society," "H. C. T.," and a host of others; but few of his poems ever appeared under his own signature from a boyish weakness he secured from the taunts of his schoolmates in his younger years, who called him "The Farmer Poet"—a name that still clings to him.—W. H. K., Lemars, Ia.

RECENT LITERATURE.

[From T. J. Brown, Eager & Cog]

WANDA. By Ouida. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The book reviewer of the New York *Herald* says that judging from this latest novel of Ouida's, from a moral point of view, it is not an improvement upon her previous works, though, setting aside the first pages that are tainted with the old leaven, we might be led to believe by the high moral atmosphere of the first portion of the book that there had been a "holy and wholesome" change in the writer. Here is a great talent perverted to vile uses. It is not genius, but it bears its remote kinship. It is more like the brilliancy of a clever and entertaining society leader than the creativeness and thoughtfulness illuminated by the divine fire of a Mme. de Staël or a George Eliot. Her style is sprightly and pleasant; her works abound in wealth of imagery; she possesses a fascinating story-telling power, and all these are dedicated to describing vile people and vile passions. True, she has drawn as the heroine of this novel a preternaturally good and noble woman, but in antithesis the Countess Brancka is demoniacally wicked in a direct ratio to impossible ultra goodness. This heroine is Wanda, the Countess Von Szarles, and combines the long ancestry and courageous nobility of "the Daughter of Roland" with the piety, loveliness and heroism of a Romola. She is the *chatelaine* of vast estates and her castle is in the fastnesses of the mountains, where she dwells with old fashioned dignity and grandeur. The capture of her heart by a base-born Russian noble, who is as godlike in his many gifts as in his person; the endeavor to alienate his love by the Countess Brancka; the final discovery of his false position and assumed name of his wife; his death and her repentance for banishing him from her home and heart, is the plot upon which the novel, such as it is, is constructed.

THE PRAIRIE FLOWER, and its sequel, Leni Leoti By Emerson Bennett. T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia, Publishers.

"The Prairie Flower," and its Sequel "Leni-Leoti," by Emerson Bennett, are indeed remarkable books, and they contain all the elements for present popularity and enduring fame. They are brim full of life, love, passion, sentiment, humor and pathos; and their glowing descriptions, romantic incidents, daring adventures, fearful perils, thrilling exploits, dreadful accidents, and hair-breadth escapes—all run through and interweave with a deep, ingenious and intricate plot. In all that Mr. Bennett writes there seems to be an irresistable charm, holding the reader spell-bound from the beginning to the end. We well remember the eagerness with which "The Prairie Flower" and "Leni Leoti" were sought after and devoured upon their first publication. As proof of the public appreciation of "The Prairie Flower" and "Leni Leoti," over 100,000 copies of each book, of the original octavo edition were sold, and that both works having long been out of print, the publishers now present this new, handsome and cheap edition of both works, complete in one volume for the first time, which has been carefully revised and corrected by the author.

TRAVEL.

We are in receipt of the current number of *Travel*, a monthly magazine for the use of travelers, published at 162 Broadway, New York, by the American Exchange in Europe (limited), of which Sen. Joseph R. Hawley is President, and Henry F. Gillig, General Manager. It is an elegant and useful publication. The elaborate maps are the best work of the kind, and the text is of equal excellence. It contains all sorts of interesting and valuable notes for travelers; information about manners and customs, and a large number of skeleton routes in Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, the Spanish and Italian peninsulas, the Orient, and around the world. It is edited by C. A. Barattoni, an experienced traveler and manager.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.

The opening article of the June number, which is illustrated, is "Home, Sweet Home, and its Author," contributed by Virginia Titcomb. "Pictures from Roumania," profusely illustrated, is of great interest, as is "The House of the Troubadours," by Lizzie T. Lewis. Jeanie June's "How We Live in New York" gives a glimpse of a workingman's home; and the story "Out of the World" is continued. The shorter stories are contributed by Jenny Burr, Dorothy Holroyd, Miss E. B. Cheesborough, and Erle Douglas; while among the poets of this number are George W. Bungay, Carletta Perry, Ellen Hutchinson, and Adelaide Waldron. "Home Arts and Home Comfort," "Current Topics," various departments treating of fashion, household matters, science and art, and a variety of miscellaneous articles, combine to make *Demorest's Magazine* for June a remarkably interesting number.

BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The contents of the British Quarterly are:

I. The True Character of the Pilgrim Fathers.
II. Welsh Education, and the Established Church in Wales.
III. Notes on the Reign of Charles II.
IV. The Late Bishop Wilberforce.
V. Shakspere's Immortals.
VI. Muratori.
VII. Thought and Speech,
VIII. The Future of English Politics.
IX. The Political Survey of the Quarter.

Contemporary Literature, etc.

The *British Quarterly*, as well as the *London, Edinburg* and *Westminster Quarterly Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine* are furnished to American subscribers by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 41 Barclay street, New York.

The Damsel and the Hat.

Denver Tribune.

A damsel fair in the parquet sat,
And all around hung a Gainsboro hat,
While the baldheaded boys sat just behind
Cursing her cartwheed in their mind.

But for them the damsel would not stir,
Though it pleased not them, it did please her,
And she said to herself behind her fan,
"Nob, I'm bound to mash that 'ere leading man."

Chorus—That 'ere leading man,
That 'ere leading man.

Her most histrionic,
Very platonic,
Fancy formed this plan:
If I am a crusher
To the usher,
Why not to the leading man?

And each of the boys expressed his mind
At the hat whose shadow struck them blind.
The baker muttered, "it takes the cake!"
The gambler exclaimed, "Well, what a stake!"

The coal man murmured, "A Pittsburg tow!"
And the big-collared Colonel, "We're got no show."
The dealer in wheat then took in the hat,
And growled, "Well, I'd sell on a margin like that!"

Chorus—With a margin like that,
With a margin like that.

But this too-too-ty
Big-hatted beauty
Was blushing behind her fan;
And little she cared
For the boys who stared—
She had mashed the leading man.

Losses in War.

Army and Navy Journal.

Lieut. Greene gives us this interesting summary of the losses in the battles of various wars. The highest were 34 per cent., at Eylau and Salamanca, and 32 per cent., at Borodino and at Waterloo; the lowest 4 per cent., at Rossbach and Pievna, 6 per cent. at Konnigratz and St. Colombey, and 8 per cent. at Wagram, at Fredericksburg, at Cold Harbor, and at Sedan:

Wars.	Total engaged.	Total Losses.	Per Ct.
Wars of Frederick, 1745-58	730,000	110,000	.15
Wars of Napoleon, 1800-15	2,104,000	464,700	.22
Crimea, 1853	149,000	21,400	.15
Italy, 1859	220,000	27,000	.09
United States, 1861-65	2,672,000	210,000	.13
Austria, 1866	483,000	27,000	.06
France, 1870	1,363,000	119,700	.09
Turkey, 1877	519,000	71,800	.14
Totals	7,072,000	1,052,600	.15

He Had a Big Beam in His Own Eye.

Philadelphia News.

"It does beat all what rascality there is in this world," exclaimed Farmer John, angrily. "The last ton of soapstone that I bought is so much adulterated that it is not fit to adulterate any butter with."

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

His Ideas on a Number of Things.

New York Tribune.

A friend of mine saw and visited Peter B. Sweeney in Paris recently. He was looking 10 years younger, had an interest in a French manufacturing establishment, had very imperfectly acquired the French language, which he was still studying, and lived in a beautiful flat near the Champs Elysee. His wife, formerly the wife of Page, the artist, and his daughter by her, a beautiful woman like the mother, were off at Biarritz. Sweeney still poked up and down the by-streets as he used to do here, and talked incessantly of New York and the hundreds of men here who, he said, had proved ungrateful for favors. He thought he should never return. Portions of his own family have never forgiven his marriage.

The old mistress of William M. Tweed is living in a villa near Cos Cob, on the shore of the Sound. Her sister has a family by another celebrated City politician. Their father was the chief gambler in this City 30 years ago, and they were considered the finest women in the Broadway promenade. Both married and took to pleasure, and it is charged that Mr. Tweed's friend not only obtained a million from him but caused his imprisonment and death by refusing to accompany him abroad and he was too fascinated with her to fly alone. Like Jack Sheppard, he clung to the City for the sake of Edgeworth Bess.

Riding during the week over the Erie Railroad that has become like a rib of the granite earth with time and improvement, I was interested in the very solid character of the Delaware & Lackawanna's new double-tracked steel railway from Binghampton to Buffalo. Its bridges are all of iron or steel in delicate trusses and with stone abutments and piers, and the road is graded high so as to seem in the air like a rampart. It is an encomium upon the engineers of 30 years ago that no better routes have been found to the West than they located, and both the Erie and the Central R. R. have been paralleled so that now 10 steel tracks instead of two cross the State of New York, equal to the entire aggregate of tracks south of New York as far as the Mississippi River. And all tracks lead to Rome. The metropolitan district now exceeds the population of Paris, and in another generation will leave London behind.

Part of the week I spent in Cincinnati looking at the dramatic Jumbo or jubilee. The greatest audience in numbers and patient docility ever collected in the drama, perhaps, was the main feature. The stage was well handled when the overjoyed manager knocked off his picnics to attend to it. The actors were as good as we possess, leaving out Booth and Modjeska. Rhea was encouraged in her study of English for the sake of her wardrobe. Clara Morris, given the little wee part of *Emelia* only, under the illusion that she is still gruel-fed, gave it the electrical touches which show that in her eclipse Jupiter's moons have been Thespis's only light. The artist spirit, not often seen in our rugged American acting, flashed in that little part and kept school upon the o'erthronged stage. Miss Anderson looked the Queen of Scots instead of *Desdemona* yet died like the swan in loud strong note and arching neck. How quaint are the ways of beauty! Her father was a poor Confederate soldier, whose place of death no human voice declares; but in her he left a jewel. She is still learning and needs to learn most with her spine and hands to get old crooked-nesses out of them. McCullough was was modest, not very strong, yet devoted to his work—a noble pupil without any vices of action and speech, yet not speaking from the chest nor walking from the knees. He can yet do both. Barrett was limber and supple as a fencer, but he or does his voice and countenance and wants to let his words go like his feet, skippingly. Booth is a long way ahead of both these men in magnetism, which they both lack. The costumer was in his glory; the scene painter belonged to no clime, he dipped his brush in melted cyclopedias and said "Ha! ha!" The people sat like folks from church just allowed a plenary indulgence at the show, and murmured, "Oh, now nice!"

McDonald is well satisfied with his boom. He regards it as steady in Indiana and Illinois and substantial in New York and Pennsylvania, and growing further West and South. Harmony is Uncle Mac's platform; take care of the Vice Presidential candidates and the Presidential cranks will take care of themselves. McDonald and wife recently paid a visit to his cousin, Donn Piatt, at Macacheek, O. Their mothers were sisters or cousins.

Ex-Speaker Grow was telling me last week some anecdotes of Thaddeus Stevens, who once, defending the public schools that had with difficulty been legalized, said that the Pennsylvania Dutch cared nothing for educating their sons and daughters, provided they could import and breed fine pigs and cattle and horses. This was made the most of by Stevens's enemies, and he had to defend himself publicly when he went back to Gettysburg, and did it with the *argumentum ad hominem*. "Isn't it true?" he said. "You, Jake Snyder, have got a ram that cost you $1,000 and none of your daughters can read. You, Hans Deitman, paid $4,000 for a bull, but make all your sons work Winter and Summer. You, Jimmy Lootman, own Westphalia boars and brood sows, and can't read yourself. Don't you love your beasts better than your children and your minds?" The honest Dutchmen began to confer: "That is is right," they said; "he only told the truth." Stevens, instead of Muhlenberg, should have a monument in the capital.

The price demanded for the New York *World* property, building included, is said to be near $600,000; which somewhat repels the numerous young men wishing to distinguish themselves in transferring Western journalism to New York.

A Philosopher's Perseverance Rewarded.

Detroit Free Press.

A well known citizen of Detroit was out on the street yesterday with a $3 umbrella over him when he observed that a stranger was dogging his footsteps. After making sure of this fact he wheeled around and said:

"See here, sir, are you following me?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"What for?"

"Because I want that umbrella. You will leave it somewhere within half an hour, and I might as well have it as some one perfectly able to buy a dozen of them!"

"Don't you worry about my leaving it," observed the citizen as he walked off.

He entered two offices on Griswold street, took a shy up the stairs of the Walker block, and made a call at a telephone headquarters. When he came out of the latter place he started for the Post-office, and had just entered the building when the threw up his hands and exclaimed: "Hang me! if I haven't left that umbrella!"

He rushed back to to the telephone office like a man going to a fire, and when he gazed around the room in search of the lost article one of the clerks remarked? "Oh! was that your umbrella? It was carried off by a man with red chin whiskers!"

Mild Lunacy.

"O, come with me!" cried the stove-pipe hat,
As it hissed over well-oiled gutter—
"I can't come now," said the brindle cat,
And her heart was in a flutter.
For was she not to meet the bold bootjack,
And the big, brown jug and the heavy plaque,
And paperweight and the shot-gun true,
And the pair of tongs and the oversboe,
And the unlit lamp, and the pot of jam,
And the loose door knob, and the flowing dam,
As downward she went roaming
In the gloaming.

"Why do you weep?" asked the clarionet
Of the sprinkling pot one day;
"I weep—I weep"—and the tears fell fast—
"I weep to hear you play!"
For the sprinkling-pot, living next door to
A bellows-lunged man, who constantly blew
On the clarionet with a crotony—
"Tum-tedle-tidle tedle-tadle-tum"—
Had deaf, dumb, blind and lachrymose become,
From the "tedle-tadle-tee"
It could not flee!

—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

A STRANGE ROMANCE.

The Remarkable History of a French Millionaire.

An Unforgiving Father—Confined for Forty-five Years in an Insane Asylum—The Result of a Mesalliance.

New York Telegram.

Next Wednesday, before the Civil Tribunal of Tarascon, in France, in answer to the summons of M. Fournier, will appear M. Bernard Mistral, legal representative of the millionaire Jean Mistral, confined for 45 years in the Asylum of Pont Saint Come at Montpellier. As this has become a "celebrated case," the *Messager Franco-Americain* rehearses the story for the benefit of its readers. The affair Mistral, says that journal, goes back to the day following the promulgation of the law concerning the insane. Jean Mistral was among the first affected by it. He was the victim of an attempt to obtain possession of his fortune, according to the statement of M. Fournier, a distant relative

SEPARATING HUSBAND AND WIFE.

On the 15th of February, 1839, before the First Chamber of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine, over which M. Debellevme presided, an illustrations member of the Paris Bar, M. Paillel, made a plea in the name of M. Francois-Joseph Mistral, a merchant of Saint-Remy, (Bouches-du-Rhone), praying for the nullification of the marriage of Jean Mistral, his son, with Mlle. Wilhelmine-Christine Dombrowska. By some she was said to be the daughter of a Polish officer who served under Napoleon, while others said her father was a carpenter of Thorn, in Prussia. M. Paillel stated that this carpenter had been seven times convicted of theft and that Mlle. Dombrowska was herself a thief. She had no advocate and the marriage was annulled.

A TOUCHING ROMANCE.

Jean Mistral made the acquaintance of Christine at Warsaw in 1833, while traveling in the service of his father. Becoming enamored of her he wooed her with all the ardor of youth, he being then 20 years of age. He proposed marriage and sought his father's consent to the union, which was refused. He returned to France and endeavored to persuade his father to alter his mind, but to no purpose. He then went back to Poland, determined to do without his father's consent, and on the 16th of June, 1873, he was clandestinely wedded to Christine at Varsovie. Christine was poor, and young Mistral had exhausted his means. The wealthy merchant of Saint Remy remained deaf to the appeals of his son. Jean had no other resorce than to obtain his father's pardon by presenting Christine to him, in order that she might mollify her obdurate father-in-law. They departed on their sad journey. The elder Mistral, being apprised by letter of their departure, met them at Cologne. There was a violent scene, Christine being overcome with emotion The result was that a few days later she gave birth to a still-born infant. All of the family, however, did not abandon young Mistral. A cousin living in Provence, a good man who was known as Father Mistral, corresponded with him, encouraged him and maintained him.

A PUBLIC SCANDAL.

His young wife having recovered, Jean pursued his journey and they at last arrived at Saint Remy. The elder Mistral refused to receive them and the family quarrel became a public scandal. Finally the young couple, having no means of support, were forced to quit Tarascon, journeying on foot, walking by day and sleeping in barns at night. Christine had a sweet voice. She sang in the villages the songs of the people, while her husband passed around his hat among the crowd to gather sous with which to buy bread. Such a life could not last, and on the advice of some friends the wanders returned to Saint-Remy to make the last effort to move the heart of M. Mistral, but it was not successful In every mark of esteem and sympathy shown to Jean the inexorable father saw only an outrage against his authority.

A KINSMAN TO THE RESCUE.

M. Fournier, the kinsman who now champions the cause of Jean Mistral, alleges that as soon as the young couple returned to Saint-Remy they were, at the instigation of M. Mistral, arrested as common malefactors. Christine was then thrust into the street without resources and Jean was confined in his father's house. He states that this outrageous conduct provoked public indignation, the people of Saint-Remy being divided into two camps. M. Mistral had his partisans and Jean his, the latter being altogether the more numerous. As Jean refused to submit to his father he was finally confined in an asylum. His father died in 1867, leaving real estate valued at over 6,000,000f., all of which passed to Jean's sister, who married M. Bernard, who is now summoned to appear before the court at Tarascon. M. Fournier demands that an exact accounting be made, and that the alleged lunatic be set at liberty. There was recently discovered in Poland an old woman with bent back, cracked voice and beautiful hair. She is Wilhelmina-Christine Dombrowska. She has not hesitated to return to France to lend her support in the cause of the unfortunate man who for 45 years had suffered for her sake. The drama has been long in the acting. Now it will be seen what epilogue justice will make.

Oscar Wilde and the Unutterable Wheel.

Paris Letter in the Chicago Tribune.

"You must have found yourself very little in sympathy with America and Americans, surely?" I remarked.

"Oh, no," condecendingly replied the generous Oscar. "I feel an interest in—er—all humanity. Even in Chicago I found much—much—of intensest interest—beauties—wonderful beauties. One day as I adjourned in that city I came upon—er—the water-works. A sort of—er—castellated atrocity, with pepper-box turrets and absard portcullises. How came they (thought I, with amazement)—how came they to erect this hideous building in this most modern and utilitarian of Cities? I must have a closer look at this horror. Perchance I shall find some beauty even here, I murmured, for we cannot live without Beauty, you know. We can do without food and—er—things of that sort, but not without Beauty. Then it occurred to me that perhaps I might discover this Beauty I had sought for in vain so long, in American machinery. A wheel is in itself a very beautiful object. All the noblest forms of the ceramic art are derived from the potter's wheel. And yet in England I had always found machinery such a pitiful and ugly thing; a jumble of cranks and cogs and petty pieces, you know, without a touch of grandeur about them. So I entered the castellated horror at Chicago, and there at last I came upon a wheel—the wheel of the Chicago Water Works—a mighty, majestic, unutterably harmonious wheel. I saw the beauty and the poetry of America in that revolving wonder; and I said to myself if ever America produces a great musician, let him write a Machinery Symphony. He could have no more worthy subject.

"But of course they never will have a great musician out there," continued Oscar, dropping from the clouds to earth with singular suddenness, "until they have abolished the shrieking steam whistle. Their tympanums have all been ruined by those whistles."

Greatness in Omaha.

Brooklyn Eagle.

In the bar-room of a Washington hotel a gentleman was praising the wit and eloquence of a well-known orator.

"I have heard him in the Senate and on the stump," he observed, "but he is always greatest at the dinner table."

"I bet I know a greater one," chipped in an Omaha man present.

"I doubt it," returned the first speaker.

"You may doubt it, if you will," said the party from the region of the setting sun, "but it's God's truth that I have known him to eat three pounds of steak at a single meal."

HOW TO BE ENGLISH.

Hints to Young American Anglo-Maniacs.

San Francisco Argonaut.

An American who wishes to pass for an Englishman before other people than his own countrymen must carefully observe the following rules: He must call his father the "gov'nor;" he should never be sick, but "ill;" he should call coal "coals;" a pitcher, a "jug;" a sack coat, a "jacket;" pantaloons, "trousers," (never pants); a vest, a "waistcoat," (pronounced westcut); an undershirt, a "jersey;" suspenders, "braces;" and all shoes, "boots." He must speak of an expert driver as a good "whip," and a good rider as a good "seat." He must never fail to make the distinction between riding and driving, and remember that one in England never rides except on horseback. To therefore speak of riding is quite sufficient; to add on "horseback" is superfluous to an Englishman. He must never by any possible chance forget to call Thames "Tems;" Derby, "Darby;" Berkeley, "Barkley;" Bertie, "Bartie;" waltz, "valse;" Holburn, "Hoburn;" Marylebone, "Marrabun;" Pallmall, "Pell-Mell;" Hartford, "Harford;" St. Leger "Sallinger;" St. John (when used as a person's name) "Sin jen," and Woolwich "Woolich." He must put a stress on the ches in Manchester or Winchester; he must know all the grades of nobility from a duke down to a baron, and never commit the egregious error of calling a baron or a knight either a nobleman or a lord. When he takes a bath he must have a "tub;" he must keep to the left when he drives, even though he infringes on the law of the road in his own country, and must rise in his stirrups when, in riding, he trots. He must be familiar with all technicalities and proficient in the lingo of hunting, shooting, rowing, cricket and lawn-tennis, as it is done in England. If a thing is amusing or provocative of mirth he must say it is "rather fun" and if he finds a man agreeable his limit of praise must never exceed a "decent sort of a chap" or "not half a bad fellow." He must call a pound a "quid" and a shilling a "bod." But he cannot be too cautious as to slang, and should be sure it is not "caddish" before he uses it. The sayings of all of Sullivan and Gilbert's operas are safe enough, but there are many which come out in questionable comic songs at the second rate theaters and music halls that no gentleman is ever heard to make use of. "Fetching" is a word that should never be given utterance to in the presence of ladies. A railroad should always be a "railway" in England, and the Anglomaniac must not omit to call it so. He must always speak of the cars as the "train," a baggage-car as the "luggage van," a freight train as a "goods train," and must never allude to a station as a depot. He must call the track the "line" and the rails the "metals," and speak of switching as "shunting," of a switch tender as a "pointsman," the conductor as the "guard," the ticket office as the "booking" office, and a horse car as a "tram." He must never get mad, but always "angry," nor should he forget that the name of the poet Cowper is pronounced "Cooper," that Magdalene College, Oxford, is called "Mawdlin," Caius College, Cambridge, "Keys," and that the proper pronunciation of Glamis is "Glaymes."

When he goes to the opera or theater, the orchestra seats must be designated as the "stalls," the dress-circle as the "boxes" and the parquette as the "pit." For "guess," he must use "fancy" and "imagine," and studiously shrink from such expressions as "quite a while," "real nice," "side whiskers," "is that so?" and "why certainly." He must be sure to leave out "wine" when he speaks of port or sherry, and should he wish for ice cream he must ask for "an ice." If he is in good health he must be "fit;" if ill, "seedy," and if over-tired, "knocked up." If a person has good taste and is well-bred, or a thing is done in accordance with the rules of good-breeding or good-taste, both are "good form;" if the reverse, "b

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. Its name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Rattle snatical problems and questions in grammar and construction. We are willing to give a civil reply to any opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and Chinese.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reason.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents Department."

Reader, Williamsburg, Ind.: The Poultry World is published in Hartford, Conn., and the Poultry Nation in Elyria, O.

L. R. Y., Scio, N. Y.:
Please inform me who Jeff. Davis married.
The daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor.

F. A. P., Richardson, Texas:
Please tell me where the Turf, Field and Farm is published.
New York City.

S. A., Nortonville, Kan.:
What postoffice got the $100 library for the greatest subscription the 31st of March last?
Muskegon, Mich.

A. B. W., White Rock, Kan.:
Is there any work published on fish raising? If so, where can it be got?
Address Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

F. M. D., Kelville, Kan.:
Has a Grand Army Post a right to receive and muster in a regular army man who has an honorable discharge?
Yes.

J. L. P., Toledo, O.:
1. Please inform me where ex-Vice President Wheeler lives. 2. How long has he lived where he now does?
1. Malone, N. Y. 2. All his life.

F. C. H., Brooklyn, Ky.:
When was John Bell, of Tennessee, Speaker of the National House of Representatives?
From June 2, 1834, to March 4, 1835. James K. Polk succeeded him.

J. E. R., Lee's Summit, Mo.:
Please tell me what is the best encyclopedia, and where published?
The best published in this country is the American, by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

G. E. S., Romney, Ind.:
1. Did you ever hear any one with the war privates' pay increased from $13 to $16 per month? I mean during the late war.
The act was passed June 20, 1864, to take effect May 1.

F. G. S., Morristown, O.:
How will we have to proceed to get a postoffice at a point four miles from the nearest postoffice?
Prepare a petition giving all the facts, signed by interested parties, and forward it to the First Assistant Postmaster General.

J. F. S., Elliott's X Roads, O.:
How must I direct a letter in order to find whether my father's name is on the soldiers' list of the late war? He enlisted at Columbus, O.
Address Adjutant General, Columbus, O., or Adjutant General U. S. A., Washington, D. C.

F. S., Victor, Ark.:
Please give number of vessels and men employed in the home and foreign trade of Great Britain.
Exclusive of river steamers, the following are the figures for 1880: Sailing vessels, 4,315; men employed, 67,840. Total number of vessels (home and foreign trade), 19,972; men, 192,972.

J. L., Swedsburg, Ind.:
1. Can smoking be carried with safety? If so, how? 2. Is the telegraph business difficult to learn?
1. A remedy was published in this department a few weeks ago. 2. Some learn it without much difficulty, while others never master it.

A. B. S., Easton, Pa.:
Please publish in your correspondents' column the law in regard to what can be written on postal cards. I would like to know whether dunsand the like can be sent on them.
Statements of accounts, bills, etc., couched in respectful language, may be printed or written on postal cards.

J. A. C., Beaver Dam, Mich.:
What States have been honored by having the Speakership of the House of Representatives since 1870?
Connecticut, 1; Georgia, 1; Indiana, 3; Kentucky, 3; Louisiana, 1; Massachusetts, 4; New Jersey, 2; New York, 1; North Carolina, 1; Ohio, 1; Pennsylvania, 4; Rhode Island, 2; South Carolina, 2; Vermont, 4.

J. F. B., Black Oak, Tex.:
In what State or Territory is the highest legal rate of interest, in the absence of contract?
Wyoming, 12 per cent. legal rate, and any rate allowed by contract. In Arizona, Colorado Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah and Washington Territory, the legal rate is 10 per cent., and any rate by contract except Idaho, where the limit is 18 per cent.

W. A. P., Medon, Wis.:
Please inform me if there is any cure for stammering and stuttering, etc. What year and day was St. Augustine settled?
1. It depends a great deal on the causes which induces it. A course of lessons in enunciation, by a capable teacher, will often effect a complete cure; but no one remedy will answer for all cases. 2. September 8, 1565.

R., Ridge Hill, Mass.:
1. Does the Government establish the price of silver metal? 2. Were the Indians at war when the Messrs. Meeker family were murdered? 4. What is the meaning of Kindergarten?
1. No. 2. Yes. 3. Children's garden. The name was given to the method of infant training introduced by Frederick Froebel, a German educator, in 1837. (Other questions have been answered.)

W. S., Rock Springs, Wy.:
1. Name the papers published in the Pacific Coast devoted to the coal or iron interests. 2. Is coal mined to any extent in Oregon?
1. Mining and Scientific Press, San Francisco; Engineer of the Pacific, San Francisco. 2. There were 43,305 tons of bituminous coal mined in 1880. The ridge between Coos Bay and Coquille River contains important coal seams, and coal is also found at many other points in the State.

W. W. S., Morgantown, W. Va.:
1. In what year was the Pacific Railroad completed? 2. What is the total length of the canals in the United States? 3. In what year did the Colonial Congress meet at New York City?
1. The road was opened from Duluth to Bismarck, 430 miles, in 1873. The road will probably be completed some time this year. 2. About 2,515 miles. 3. January 11, 1765, which from that time continued to be the place of meeting until the adoption of the Constitution.

D. N. S., Damascus, Ill.:
Give rule by which to find the number of years covered by a given Congress.
Double the number of the Congress, and add the product of 1789; the result will be the year in which the Congress closed. To find the number of a Congress sitting in any given year, subtract 1879 from the year; if the result is an even number, half that number will give the Congress, of which the year in question will be the closing year. If the result is an odd number, add one to it, and half the result will give the Congress, of which the year in question will be the first year.

D. D. G., Earlsville, Ill.:
Please inform me whether Congress passed a law giving volunteers a bounty that enlisted in 1861.
The equalization bounty bill which became a law July 28, 1866, applied to all soldiers who enlisted after the 19th day of April, 1861, but not to organizations irregularly in the service, such as State militia, home guards, etc. All claims arising in favor of the heirs of deceased soldiers, and all claims arising from the claims of colored troops were to be presented to the Second Auditor of the Treasury; all by discharged soldiers, to the Paymaster General.

F. L. C., Wooster, O.:
Please give me plain instructions for making gun cotton.
The simplest way consists in immersing, for a few seconds, well-carded cotton in a mixture of equal parts, by volume, of oil of vitriol of specific gravity 1.845, and nitric acid of specific gravity of 1.500. The cotton, when well saturated, is to be removed and squeezed to repel the excess of acid, and then well washed in clean cold water, until the water no longer reddens litmus paper. It is then dried at a heat not exceeding 212°. A lower temperature is still safer. The cotton thus prepared explodes well, but does not dissolve easily in ether.

Old Subscriber, Bridgeport, O.: The road is in prosperous condition now, but there is no telling how soon a crash may come. In regard to other questions, your best plan is to consult a good lawyer.

M. E. W., Covington, O.:
Has Congress made any provision in case the President and Vice President were taken away? 2. Was wine permitted on the table at the White House during Garfield's Administration? 3. What is the amount of the public debt now?
1. Sen. Edmunds, as President of the Senate, would act as President should Arthur die. 2. I do not know. 3. Debt, less cash in the Treasury, $1,354,079,885.

B. B., Ludington, Mich.:
1. What is the railroad fare from Toledo to Richmond, Va.? 2. Is Virginia a good State for farming? 3. Why is it that there is so much land there for sale? 4. What is the negro population of that State? 5. If a farmer raises tobacco to sell must he pay taxes on it when he sells it?
1. About $20. 2. Some parts of the State are exceedingly productive. 3. One reason is the farmers no longer have slaves to work their lands, and large farms are being divided up. Another reason is the new generation are seeking their fortunes in the West. 4. 631,616. 5. Not if it is sold to licensed manufacturers. He is allowed to retail $100 worth.

H. S. M., Homstead, Pa.:
What will cure moles in the face without effecting the skin?
Croton oil, under the form of pomade or ointment, and potassio-tartrate of antimony (tartar emetic,) under the form of paste or plaster, have each been successfully employed. The following is the mode of using the latter: Take tartar emetic in impalpable powder, 15 grains; soap plaster, one drachm, and beat them to a paste. Apply this paste to nearly a line in thickness, and cover the whole with strips of gummed paper. In four or five days eruption or suppuration will set in, and, in a few days after leave, in place of the mole, only a very slight scar. Croton oil ointment effects the same, but less completely unless repeated.

John, Bristol, Ind.:
Tell me how to raise chestnut trees from the nuts.
Select the largest and fairest specimens as soon as they fall from the tree, and keep them where they will not become very dry until late autumn, when the nuts must be planted in well prepared soil in drills, and covered two inches deep with mould or fine street dirt. If the nuts are allowed to dry, their vitality will be destroyed. It is essential to their vegetation that the nuts freeze and thaw during winter. The fruit is better to remain on the trees till the frost has opened the burrs. Chestnut trees will not succeed on wet, nor on heavy soils. The largest and finest trees are found on high ridges of clayey loam, gravelly loam, or sandy loam. By pruning the trees and keeping the soil cultivated around them, as far, or farther than the lateral branches extend, the fruit may be greatly increased both in quantity and quality.

F. B. S., Americus, Kan.:
1. Please tell me how the rainfall in the United States is measured. It seems strange to see there was only a few inches recorded, when apparently there was a foot or more. 2. Where can I get reliable information regarding the culture of sorghum?
1. The Smithsonian rain-gage consists of a tube of brass 10 inches deep and three-fourths of an inch in internal diameter. The depth of rain is measured by means of a scale of thin whalebone, divided to indicate the 10 and 100th of an inch. The heaviest annual rainfall on the globe is 600 inches on the Khasia Hills, about 500 inches of which falls in seven months during the southwest monsoons. The greatest amount of rain reported for any given year at any place within the United States is probably the fall in 1846, at Baton Rouge, of 116.6 inches, and the smallest the fall at Fort Yuma, of 1.78 inches. 2. Agricultural Department, Washington.

J. S., Aledo, Ill.:
About a year ago I saw in the BLADE directions for making an Eolian harp. The paper was destroyed before I got to use the instructions. Please publish again and oblige.
Of very thin cedar, pine, or other soft wood, make a box five or six inches deep, seven or eight inches wide, and of length just equal to the width of the window in which it is to be placed. Across the top, near each end, glue a strip of wood one-half inch high and one-quarter inch thick, for bridges. Into the ends of the box insert wooden pins, like those of a violin, to wind the strips around, two pins in each end. Make a round hole in the middle of the top, and string the box with small cat-gut, or blue violin strings. Fastening one end of each string to the wooden pin in one end of the box, and carrying it over the bridges, wind it around the turning-pin in the opposite end of the box. The ends of the box should be increased in thickness where the wooden pins enter, by a piece of wood glued upon the inside. Tune the strips in unison and place the box in the window. It is better to have four strings, but a harp with a single string produces an exceedingly sweet me ody of notes.

Reader, Monroe, O.:
1. What was the first message sent by telegraph across the Atlantic? 2. When and where was Britain formally defeated through the generalship of a woman, and who was the woman? 3. Who was the first poet laureat of England? 4. What was the "South Sea Bubble?"
1. The first dispatch announced the conclusion of a treaty of peace between Russia and Austria. 2. Joan of Arc, at the head of 10,000 troops, routed the English army besieging Orleans, and also at Patay, in 1429. 3. Chaucer is said to have been the first to assume the title, and in 1389 he obtained a grant of an annual allowance of wine. Authorities do not agree in fixing the date of the origin of this office in England. 4. It commenced with the establishment of the South Sea Company in 1710, which was at first unwisely and afterwards dishonestly managed. It exploded in 1720, ruining thousands of families, and the directors' estates, to the value of £9,04 4,000, were seized in 1721 and sold. Knight, the cashier, something after the manner of the cashier of to-day, absconded with £100,000, but he compounded the fraud for £10,000 and returned to England in 1743. Almost all the wealthy persons in the Kingdom had become speculators, and shares were raised from £100 to £1000. Several members of Parliament were expelled for their participation in it.

F. H., California:
Please state if a will drawn up without witnesses will keep money or property out of an administrator's hands. Give directions how to do it in as short a way as the law will allow.
In Alabama, California, Colorado, Dakota, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming and Montana a will must be attested by two subscribing witnesses. In Arkansas, Connecticut, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Hampshire, New Mexico, South Carolina and Vermont, by three subscribing witnesses. No precise form of words is essential to the validity of a will; but great care should be exercised that the wishes of the testator are clearly expressed in proper terms. The following form of attestation will answer for every State in the Union: "Signed, sealed, published and delivered by the said A. B. as his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, at the request of the said A. B., and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses." No interested party should be a witness.

J. H. M., Wellington, Minn.:
1. What is the capital of Montenegro? 2. Give a short sketch of the country and its inhabitants.
1. Cittigne. 2. Montenegro is a semi-independent principality, with an area of 1,700 square miles, and a population of about 131,000, chiefly Slavic. The Montenegrins are all of the non-united Greek Church, excepting a few Roman Catholics who belong to the Turkish diocese of Scutari, and every village has its church. The head of the church is the Vladika, or Prince-Bishop; he is elected from among the monks or unmarried clergy by the National Assembly, and may be deposed by it; he has an annual revenue of $16,000. The number of priests is about 200; they join in war and the other occupations of the people. Priests must be married before they can be consecrated. The limestone ridges of the Dinaric Alps traverse the territory, and it has hardly any plains. The chief productions are maize, potatoes and tobacco. Agriculture is backward, but every piece of land capable of tillage is planted. The number of villages is between 200 and 300. The men till the land and the inferior drudgery is performed by the women. The principal market is Cattaro. The produce is carried thither chiefly by women, and it is only in the eastern regions of the country that they are assisted in their labor by the use of mules. There is no port and no outlet to the shore, and the Montenegrins are dependent on the Austrian Government for permission to pass goods to and from the sea. Since 1832 the government has been a limited monarchy. The Prince is assisted by a Senate of 16 members, which also acts as a Supreme Court.

J. W., Daggett, Mich.
1. Please inform me if a soldier of the late war is allowed more than six months to commence improvements on a homestead or not. 2. Is the person of Government land in Michigan, where the railroad claims part, double per acre?
1. By filing a declaratory statement the law gives him six months within which to establish his residence and make actual entry of the land. But this provision is of no advantage to the soldier or sailor. He would have the same time, without filing a declaratory statement, by making application in the regular way. The abuses of the soldier's declaratory statement are that soldiers are misled by land agents and attorneys in supposing that they have only to file a declaratory statement in order to obtain land, and that residence is not necessary to enable them to lawfully dispose of what they are told is their soldier's right. The consequence is that a great many soldiers have been defrauded of their money which they send to such agents. In other cases soldier's discharge papers are purchased from them and used for making fraudulate filings for speculative purposes. In both cases the declaratory statement is sold as a matter of common traffic, and when filed the relinquishment is offered for sale for the benefit of the speculator who controls it. The soldier gets nothing from these proceedings. He is made a party to a fraud without deriving any advantage from it. Actual settlers sometimes find the lands they wish to homestead so largely covered with fraudulent claims that to save trouble they suffer themselves to be bled by these sharpers. A lady correspondent writes that an agent advised her to hire some one to personate her dead brother and use his discharge papers to secure a homestead. 2. Yes.

Trebla, Columbiana, O.:
What change has been made in the tariff on wool? State whether it will affect the price paid to farmers' this season.
Under the old tariff, raw wools, under 32 cents per pound, paid 10 cents per pound and 11 per cent. ad valorem. Under the present tariff wools are divided into three classes. The following is from the tariff act: "The duty on wools of the first class which shall be imported washed shall be twice the amount of the duty to which they would be subjected if imported unwashed; and the duty on wools of all classes which shall be imported scoured shall be three times the duty to which they would be subjected if imported unwashed. The duty upon wool of the sheep, or hair of the alpaca, goat, and other like animals, which shall be imported in any other than ordinary condition, as now and heretofore practiced, or which shall be changed in its character or condition for the purpose of evading the duty, or which shall be reduced in value by the admixture of dirt or any other foreign substance, shall be twice the duty to which it would be otherwise subject. Wools of the first class, the value whereof at the last port or place whence exported to the United States, excluding charges in such port, shall be 30 cents or less per pound, 10 cents per pound; wools of the same class, the value whereof at the last port or place whence exported to the United States, including charges in such port, shall exceed 30 cents per pound, 12 cents per pound. Wools of the third class, the value whereof, at the last port or place whence exported to the United States, excluding charges in such port, shall be 12 cents or less per pound, two and a half cents per pound; wools of the same class, the value whereof, at the last port or place whence exported to the United States, excluding charges in such port, shall exceed 12 cents per pound, five cents per pound. Wools on the skin, the same rates as other wools, the quantity and value to be ascertained under such rules as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe." It is not thought the new tariff will materially affect the interests of Ohio wool growers.

P. T. O., Coburg, Iowa.:
I should be glad to learn the number of per sons employed in the different cities in the United States—that is, the number of breadwinners compared to the total population.
The following table exhibits the total number of occupations reported in each of the principal fifty cities of the United States, and the proportion existing between that number and the total number of inhabitants of both sexes, all ages:

City.	Population.	Total in occupations	Percentage.
		No.	
Albany, N. Y.	90,758	32,153	35
Allegheny, Pa	78,682	25,958	33
Atlanta, Ga	37,409	17,078	46
Baltimore, Md	332,313	130,230	39
Boston, Mass	362,839	149,191	41
Brooklyn, N. Y	566,663	209,065	37
Buffalo, N. Y	155,134	54,647	35
Cambridge, Mass	52,669	20,02	38
Camden, N. J	41,659	14,796	36
Charleston, S. C	49,984	20,325	41
Chicago, Ill	503,185	191,760	38
Cincinnati, O	255,139	100,454	39
Cleveland, O	160,146	56,919	36
Columbus, O	51,647	18,737	36
Dayton, O	38,678	14,184	37
Denver, Colo	35,629	15,737	44
Detroit, Mich	116,340	39,245	34
Fall River, Mass	48,961	17,870	36
Hartford, Conn	42,015	17,212	41
Indianapolis, Ind	75,056	27,960	37
Jersey City, N. J	120,722	42,356	35
Kansas City, Mo	55,785	20,140	36
Lawrence, Mass	39,151	19,153	49
Louisville, Ky	123,758	45,244	37
Lowell, Mass	59,475	29,781	50
Lynn, Mass	38,274	16,284	43
Milwaukee, Wis	115,587	44,900	39
Minneapolis, Minn	46,887	21,302	45
Nashville, Tenn	43,350	16,733	39
Newark, N. J	136,508	49,060	36
New Haven, Conn	62,882	24,910	39
New Orleans, La	216,090	78,336	36
New York, N. Y	1,206,299	513,377	43
Patterson, N. J	61,031	22,570	44
Philadelphia, Pa	847,170	348,900	41
Pittsburg, Pa	156,389	52,172	33
Providence, R. I	104,857	43,878	42
Reading, Pa	43,278	15,123	36
Richmond, Va	63,600	24,550	38
Rochester, N. Y	89,366	34,020	38
St. Louis, Mo	350,518	139,085	40
St. Paul, Minn	41,473	17,909	43
San Francisco, Cal	233,959	101,670	45
Scranton, Pa	45,850	16,829	37
Syracuse, N. Y	51,792	20,409	39
Toledo, O	50,137	17,691	35
Troy, N. Y	56,747	23,745	42
Washington, D. C	147,293	57,262	39
Wilmington, Del	42,478	19,281	45
Worcester, Mass	58,291	22,557	39

A. T. N., King's Bridge, Pa.:
Please give us some information about Afghanistan and its inhabitants.
Its length from north to south is nearly 450 miles; its breadth, 470, with an area of 212,000 square miles. It has been calculated to contain from five to six millions of inhabitants. The animal life found in the country corresponds in variety with the climate and vegetation. In the colder mountainous regions are found the bear, the wolf and the fox; in the tropical valleys, the lion, tiger, leopard, jackal and hyena; while fertile pastures support sheep, goats, horses and horned cattle. Horses, mules and asses are numerous, and the camel is used in the table-lands. The country is rich in minerals; iron and copper, especially, are abundant, the former being of excellent quality. The four principal places—Cabul, Ghiznee, Candahar and Herat—have importance as stations on the highway of commerce from India to Central and Western Asia. The language of the Afghans, the Pushtu, is allied to the Persian. In religion they are Mohammedans according to the version of the Sunites, and are strongly opposed to the Persians and the Sikhs, who belong to other sects. They are not bigoted, and are distinguished for their truthfulness, the respect with which they treat women, their indifference to rank, and their reverence for age. They are generally powerfully made, and very expert in the use of the saber. In October, 1838, the Governor General of India declared war against Afghanistan, and the British forces, in July, encamped near Ghiznee and after some hard fighting that fortress was taken. At the beginning of Winter, when help from India was impossible, an outbreak took place at Cabul, several British officers were slain, and humiliating terms of capitulation were acceded to. It was agreed that the invaders should leave the country, while on the other hand it was stipulated that an escort should be provided. Depending on these promises, the British army left Cabul on the 6th of January, 1842, but neither escort or provisions were supplied by the Afghan leaders. The fanatical tribes of the districts harrassed the flanks and rear of the army, and slew women and children, as well as men. Out of 26,000 (including women and children) only one man (Dr. Brydon) escaped to carry the dismal tidings to Gen. Sale, who still held his position at Jelalabad. Another force was sent to subjugate the Afghans; their army was routed, the English officers and their ladies who had surrendered themselves were restored to liberty, and soon afterwards the troops marched back to India. In 1846 the Afghans formed an alliance with the Sikhs against the British, and sanguinary engagements took place. After the decisive battle of Gujerat, February 21, 1849, the Sikhs were forsaken by the Afghans, and the British army again renewed the work of subjugating the several Afghan tribes.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $2, dated at Union City, no County or State, papers ordered for G. Hixson and Mrs. L. Miller.

Letter containing $1, dated at Harvey, no County or State, signed Mrs. R. C. White.

Letter containing $1, no name or address.

Letter containing $1, dated at Sonora, no County or State, signed Thos. Ainsley.

Letter containing $1, signed John Hood, no address, a nine-year subscriber.

Letter containing $1, dated at Hancock, no County or State, signed James B. Lorney.

If John T. Smith, of McPherson City, will give his full address, we will look up his complaint.

Letter containing $2, signed by C. C. Parsons and W. S. Vanordol, no address.

ARBITRATION.

How the French Manage Disputes.

Toronto Globe.

A "Council of Wise Men" is created in a manufacturing center on the requisition of the Municipal Council. It consists of six or more *prud'hommes* elected in equal numbers by the masters and workmen, and a President and Vice-President appointed by the Government, one of them being an employer, and the other a workman. The Government nomination of the two chief members is complained of by some workingmen, but is approved of by others, as experience gained under a former law tended to show that election by the councils caused strife that was never healed and led to much party feeling. The President and Vice President hold office for three years, and are eligible for reappointment. The other *prud'hommes* are elected for six years, but one-half retire every three years. In case of a vacancy occurring the Prefect of the municipality orders a new election. No man is eligible under the age of 30, and and the electors must be 25 years of age, and, if workmen, must have served at their trade for five years. N ither President, Vice-President, nor council is paid, a fact which, surprising as it may seem to us, is not apparently looked upon in France as materially int rfering with the efficient working of the Council. In many Towns there are sev eral councils, trades being grouped in a somewhat arbitrary fashion, but with the general intention of securing in some measure similarity in the trade customs and regulations of each group, and hence sufficient acquaintance on the part of the councilors with these trades to enable them to adjudicate intelligently.

The "Conseil" have in most respects the powers of a regular Law Court and take cognizance of disputes between workman and workmen themselves. The Conseil is subdivided into a private Bureau and a general Bureau, the former consisting of two members, and intended to effect a peaceful settlement, failing which the dispute must go from "the peacemakers" for hearing before the other and larger Bureau. Procedure is very simple and admirable. Open a complaint being lodged the clerk of the Council sends a courteous invitation to the defendant to attend at a certain time. This invitation is generally accepted; but if not, a formal summons is issued at the cost of the suit, and, if necessary, a third is issued the cost of the defendant, who, failing to then appear, is liable to punishment for contempt of Court and to having judgment by default rendered against him. At the hearing no lawyer or attorney can plead; nor is any discussion between complainant and defendant permitted, as it might by developing hot temper, retard an easy settlement. Each party is wisely restricted to merely answering questions of fact. Witnesses may be summoned, if necessary, and are allowed small fees. The decision of the Council is final, except in certain cases, as when documents are disputed. In these exceptional instances appeals to the ordinary tribunals are allowed. Three-fourths of the cases which come before the general Bureau involve costs not exceeding sixpence; the utmost expense possible is not over five shillings sterling.

Now, as to results. There are in France 132 Conseils, a considerable increase on a few years ago. Before these, in 1880, 39,429 cases came up, of which one-fourth were settled before passing the conciliators of the private Bureau. In an annual average of 7,955 cases put down for hearing before the general courts, 4,789, or three-fifths, were withdrawn before the time for hearing.

EPILEPSY (Fits)

successfully treated. Pamphlet of particulars one stamp, address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATON, Buffalo, N. Y.

Building Up Florida.

New York Sun.

The multitude of invaids who go to Florida have an eye to business as well as to health, and it is their investment of capital, principally, that is developing the resources of the State. Railroads are extending in all directions. A new line to New Orleans, following the coast, has just completed. Another from Jacksonville to St. Augustine is in process of construction. Two lines are pushing south toward Tampa Bay. Two more are looking toward the Indian River. Still another scheme, controlled by Gen. Gordon, of Georgia, is for a railroad from Jacksonville to the extreme southern end of the peninsula. The Okeechobee Drainage Company is making progress with its undertaking, and it is perfectly confident of reclaiming hundreds of thousands of acres adapted to sugar culture. The orange interest is also rapidly increasing. In Orange County are thousands of young groves, from five to 125 acres in extent, just beginning to bear.

Burglar's Trick.

At a London West End establishment lately a burglar was caught red-handed in a strong room opening a safe containing a fortune, with a key as perfect as though it had been made originally for the lock. The man was convicted, and his prosecutors, out of curiosity, begged him to tell them how he got the key. "Nothing easier," he replied. "We know who carried the key and what it was like, so me and my pals we gets into the same carriage with your manager when he's going home by rail. One of us has a bag which he can't open. Has any gentleman got a key? Your manager produces his punch, and my pal, he has wax in his palm and take a likeness of the key of the safe while seeming to open his bag. There's the secret for you."

Clerical Fun.

New York Tribune.

An amusing story is told about the ordination of a young English clergyman, whose name was Salter. Nature had gifted him with hair which was the reddest of the red. Feeling that in the solemn ceremonial of his ordination this red hair might be the cause of irreverent mirth, especially as the ritual prescribes that the bishop should touch it, he determined to dye it black for the occasion, which he did. The Bishop afterward expostulated with the hapless Salter, and alleged against him the authority of the rubric in the Prayer Book which says: "The Psalter must be *read* in the churches."

Picnics and Chiggers.

Atlanta Constitution.

The man who invents an insect powder that can be comfortably carried on picnic excursions will win fame and fortune and make a great many innocent young people happy.

THINK OF IT NOW!

Although much is said about the importance of a blood-purifying medicine, it may be possible that the subject has never seriously claimed your attention. *Think of it now!*

Almost every person has some form of scrofulous poison latent in his veins. When this develops in Scrofulous Sores, Ulcers, or Eruptions, or in the form of Rheumatism, or Organic Diseases, the suffering that ensues is terrible. Hence the gratitude of those who discover, as thousands yearly do, that

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

will thoroughly eradicate this evil from the system.

As well expect life without air as health without pure blood. Cleanse the blood with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

The Sunday School.

At Antioch.

LESSON 10, SUNDAY, JUNE 3, 1883.

Golden Text.—And the word of the Lord was published throughout all the region.—Acts 13: 43.

LESSON TEXT.

Acts 13: 13-16, 43-52

13. Now when Paul and his company loosed from Paphos, they came to Perga in Pamphylia; and John departing from them returned to Jerusalem.

14. But when they departed from Perga, they came to Antioch in Pisidia, and went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day and sat down.

15. And after the reading of the law and the prophets, the rulers of the synagogue sent unto them saying, Ye men and brethren, if ye have any word of exhortation for the people say on.

16. Then Paul stood up, and beckoning with his hand said, Men of Israel, and ye that fear God, give audience.

* * * * * * *

43. Now when the congregation was broken up, many of the Jews nd religious proselytes followed Paul and Barnabas, who, speaking to them, persuaded them to continue in the grace of God.

44. And the next Sabbath day came almost the whole city together to hear the word of God.

45. But when the Jews saw the multitudes they were filled with envy, and spake against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming.

46. Then Paul and Barnabas waxed bold, and said, It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you; but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles.

47. For so hath the Lord commanded us, saying, I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles, that thou shouldest be for salvation unto the ends of the earth.

48. And when the Gentiles heard this, they were glad, and glorified the word of the Lord; and as many as were ordained to eternal life believed.

49. And the word of the Lord was published throughout all the region.

50. But the Jews stirred up the devout and honorable women, and the chief men of the city, and raised persecution against Paul and Barnabas, and expelled them out of their coasts.

51. But they shook off the dust of their feet against them, and came unto Iconium.

52. And the disciples were filled with joy, and with the Holy Ghost.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

They went into the synagogue on the sabbath and sat down (v. 14.) The apostles were in the habit of church-going. They knew no better way of using the Sabbath, either in the line of doing good or of getting good, than by going to the Lord's house and sharing with the Lord's people in worship and Bible study. If a man knows a better way than that in these days, it will be well for him to consider whether he is better than the apostles or a worse one. Is he so much better than the apostles that he has no need of any help from such a source? Or is he so much worse than the apostles that there is no hope of gain to him even in the place of worship and Bible-study? Now, which is it?

Brethren, if ye have any word of exhortation for the people, say on (v. 15.) That is a good way of putting it. That is a good pattern for the prayer-meeting leader nowa-days. "Brethren, if you have anything to say, say it. But if you haven't anything to say, say it by all means keep your seats. Don't trouble yourself to say you haven't anything to say. We'll all understand that if you keep still." And that way of putting it is a good suggestion to those who are in their seats in a prayer-meeting. "Have I anything to say? If I have, what is it? And if I haven't anything to say, what is the reason? Is it because there is nothing that needs saying? or, is it because there is some one ready to say it, who is better able to say it than myself? or is it because I havn't interest enough in the object of this meeting to care to say anything about it?" There is both a caution and a prompting in that Antioch invitation to a part in the prayer-meeting exercises: "Brethren, if ye have any word of exhortation for the people, say on."

Came almost the whole city together to hear the word of God (v. 44.) It is easier to get a thousand men to hear the word of God than to induce one man to follow its teachings. The work of the teacher or the preacher is by no means done when he has gathered a great many hearers. If he has well-nigh a whole city to listen to him, that fact in itself does not prove that he is a winner of souls. If, on the other hand, he has a very few to hear him, he may be doing a great work for God's cause. When, as our Lord preached the gospel, "there were gath ered together an innumerable multitude of people, insomuch that they trode one upon another," in their desire to hear him, there were, as we have reason to think, smaller immediate results in the conversion of souls than when he had only one listener by the well of Samaria. It is not in the numbers who listen to us, but in the blessing which God gives to our labors that the secret of our success is found.

Salvation unto the ends of the earth (v. 47.) The proffer of salvation is unto all; to those who are at hand as well as those who are afar off. "The ends of the earth" include this end as well as the other, and that is one of the hardest lessons for the Christian to learn. It seems easier to believe that the heathen in Africa will receive the gospel than that the heathen in the brown-stone houses of our city avenues will welcome it. We often pray in confidence for the rescue of distant idolaters, while we are doubtful if the scoffer who lives next door to us, or the drunkard under our own roof, is to be saved.

The Jews stirred up the devout and honorable women, and the chief men in the city and raised a persecution against Paul and Barnabas (v. 50.) It is not always the rabble, nor yet only misguided men, who oppose the truth and persecute the godly. "Devout and honorable women," as well as "the chief men of the city" are sometimes stirred up to acts of lawlessness, or to the exercise of a spirit of bigotry and intolerance. Good women as well as good men are often very uncharitable. They join in the proscription of some class because of their prejudice of sect, or nationality, or race. Again they have a part in unjustifiable violence against law-breakers, or in resistance to the law. It is not always safe to follow, nor right to commend, "the devout and honorable women, and the chief men of the city." Their course never makes evil good, or good evil.

The disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost (v. 52.) And this was when they had been driven out of a city for proclaiming the gospel, and had been persecuted without cause by devout and honorable men and women. Men in whom the Holy Ghost dwells as a Comforter are not depend ent on circumstances or surroundings for their happiness. Men who lack peace of mind and joy of soul through faith can never be made happy by outside agencies. If we are in Christ's service, we may be sure that every step we take in the path of duty is a step toward victory. Whether we are praised or denounced, ministered to or persecuted, we are helped heavenward. We are just where we ought to be. All things work together for our good. We ought to be "filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost continually."—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

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Why a Little Lad Gave It Up.

Boston Globe.

A boy was making a great racket on his drum in front of a house in Somerville.

"Little boy," said a lady, "you mustn't drum here; there is a lady sick in this house."

"Well, I don't know where I am going to drum, then; there's one dead in our house," was the mournful reply.

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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

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JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

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OUR GARFIELD PORTRAIT.

All those wishing a copy of our Garfield portrait will please address us a postal card, when we will immediately advise them of our method of distribution. We ask no money for these portraits, but simply wish to give our new subscribers an opportunity to receive one upon the same terms of our 1881 presentation.

TWELVE persons own one-quarter of the whole acreage of Scotland, and 70 own one-half.

PHILADELPHIA *Times*: The tramp must knit his brows over the puzzle of a millionaire's suicide.

THE Philadelphia *Press* says it is quite evident that Mr. CONKLING is sitting with his back to the engine.

WATERPROOFS, frayed by the wind, and umbrellas *en revers* continue to be the prevailing Spring fashions.

IN 1882 the total consumption of sugar in this country was 1,100,000 tons, an increase of 70,000 tons over last year.

IN Chicago there are over 20 individuals who have their lives insured for $100,000 and upwards, while 200 more have policies for $50,000 and over.

THE English are disgusted to find themselves beaten at the Fisheries Exhibition by American superiority in many kinds of fishing tackle.

NILSSON says that "Americans are not polished in their manners," but *The Judge* thinks they compare very favorably with a carload of Swedes going West.

WITHIN three years there have been nearly 20,000 miles of railroad built in this country. At least 10,000 of these must be in regions devoted to wheat growing.

INGERSOLL now thinks the Star Route trials will end next month. There would be a fitness in sentencing the conspirators on the first anniversary of GUITEAU'S execution.

THE progress of Chicago in the way of building has been greatly retarded by the bricklayers' strike which has continued so long as to compel the abandonment of several large enterprises.

GEN. MCCLELLAN'S wail at the Army of the Potomac re-union over his treatment by LINCOLN and STANTON is regarded by most shrewd thinkers as in the nature of a bid for the Presidential nomination next year.

THE circuses got on the road so late this season that the burglars, who trovel with them, could wait no longer, and started on ahead. They "worked" the Connecticut Towns with great success before an elephant had come out of Winter quarters.

THE American people pay more for telegraphing than those of any other country in the world. In Great Britain 20 words with the address can be sent to any part of the kingdom for 25 cents of our money, and on the continent it is still cheaper. This is because it is Government property and not under corporate control.

A GOOD deal of bad feeling has been stirred up by the management of the Army of the Potomac re-union, which it was said was in the hands of a little clique of West Pointers—mainly Engineers—who ran the re-union in the interest of MCCLELLAN and some other conspicuous failures. The absence of GRANT, SHERIDAN and HANCOCK and a number of other prominent Generals is held to be very significant.

THE *Wall Street News* says that VANDERBILT is taking a very keen interest in telegraphy, to make up for his waning interest in railroads, if one is to judge by the movements of a couple of his most intimate friends, who are about to start a company with $20,000,000 of bonds and only $10,000,000 of stock. The design is to use the proceeds of the bonds in furnishing a complete telegraph system for the United States and Canada, and the $10,000,000 of stock will remain almost entirely in the "family."

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

NEWS comes from South Africa that CETEWAYO, although reigning by permission of England, is not firmly seated in the confidence of his people, and fighting is going on briskly, in the latest of which the King was completely routed, with a loss of several thousand men.

ELSEWHERE the project of a new canal from Alexandria to the Red Sea is spoken of. The English are considering the subject, with a strong probability of carrying the plan into execution. It will make no difference that the Government of the Khedive looks upon it as a movement to strengthen the British hold upon Egypt, and has refused to permit the construction of another on the ground that a monopoly was secured to the Suez Canal. She will go right on if it is so decided in spite of all opposition.

THE best news of the week is of the treaty of peace at last signed between Chili and Peru. Two of the disputed provinces have been ceded to Chili for 10 years, and their possession after that is to be determined by a vote of the people, the losing country to be indemified by the other. Peru is now left to commence a new era, and it is possible that the severe lesson she has had may operate to her final advantage. The first thing she will have to do will be to establish a government with some stability about it.

LAST Friday DANIEL CURLEY, the commander and leader of the Invincible Society, was hung at Kilmainham Jail, as the others condemned for the Phœnix Park murders were hung before him and as three more at least will perish after him. No disturbance took place, altho as before, crowds gathered near to watch the going up of the black flag which told that all was over. The special jury which had tried these men was discharged on Thursday with the earnest commendation of the Judge for the way in which they had discharged their duties. The conspiracy trials have closed, and the six of the prisoners who pleaded guilty have been sentenced, five of them to penal servitude for 10 years and one for five years.

THE highly unfavorable weather still continues in many parts of the country. Cyclones, tornados, cold rains, and even heavy snow-storms, have combined to discourage the farmer, depress the stock market raise the price of produce, and chill the business pulse. There is, fortunately, a still larger area of the country which has escaped these malign influences, but its comparative prosperity is not heard from, while the smaller, scourged districts, of course, made their troubles known to the world. We are convinced, as we said last week, that in spite of all the dreary croaking this will be an unusually prosperous year, with abundant crops. We hope next week to have such demonstration of this to lay before our readers as will convince them beyond a doubt.

IT is reported from New York that the negotiations toward harmony between the two wings of the Republican party have made no progress since ex-Sen. CONKLING'S speech, in which he traced all the misfortune to the defeat of the Grant movement at Chicago. Another and more credible version is that the delay is due to dissensions between the leaders of the party in regard to the division of advantages and nominations. This is the more likely. The Independent wing of the party in the Empire State has a good deal of private virtue in its ranks; but as to the leaders, the wonder is how many of them ever put themselves forward in that or any similar capacity. Their independence and reform seems to be to dicker for the offices; and very little is to be hoped from the Independent Republicans in that quarter until such men as MR. CURTIS and Mr. WOODFORD get down into the arena and take their coats off. There is no place for scholarly fastidiousness in practical politics, and no necessity for degrading compliance in casting it aside.

THE reports of the effects of the Winter upon Western cattle have been more doleful, if possible than the story of disaster to the wheat crop, but now the Texans come up smiling with the information that their "drive" this year will be bigger and better ever, so that there will not only be an abundance of bread but of meat for all mouths.

KANSAS and Missouri report the best wheat crop for years. The main significance of this fact is that these States lie on the southern border of the wheat belt, where the season is from 10 days to two weeks more advanced than it is here. In 10 days or two weeks our crops will be looking just as well as those of Kansas and Missouri do now. There has been nothing to cause the reported widespread killing of the wheat plant, and we can rest assured that it has not been killed.

THE people of Bermuda think New York the greatest onion-consuming City of the world, and they are not far from being right. The consumption has gone as high as 9,000 bushels a day, and as there are about 100 bulbs to the bushel, this would make nearly an onion apiece to every man, woman and child in the great City. The eating of onions is steadily increasing among the higher classes.

SEC. FOLGER disappoints a lot of hungry office-seekers by a decision that the tea adulteration act passed by the last Congress does not provide for any tea inspectors—that the Appraiser of the Port must make the inspections. It is feared that this will break the hearts of two or three Congressmen who "got left" last Fall.

SOME solicitude is exprest in New York at the slowness with which money returns from the Interior to the banks in that City. Week before last the increase in the reserve in the banks was only $270,925, and last week the increase was but $708,925. This brings the surplus reserve up to $1,604,115, when last year it was $9,650,350.

THEY are enforcing the regulation that naval officers must undergo a rigid examination in order to receive promotion. Lieut.-Com. PENDLETON has been suspended for a year, Lieut. MCRITCHIE has been completely suspended, and Commander T. H. EASTMAN is now on the anxious seat, with the probability that he will be put on the Retired List.

THE *Wall Street News* says that those people who believe that Pres. RUTTER, of the New York Central, is going to tamely submit to the encroachments of rival roads, will probably change their minds when they read the text of a note which will reach Commissioner FINK shortly.

MURDERING HIS WAY TO FAME.

Congressman PHILIP THOMPSON, of Kentucky—affectionately called "Little PHIL." by the enthusiastic admirers of his "spryness with his weepuns,"—has had an *eclat* given his latest performance in man-killing that was denied his earlier exploits in the noble game of murder.

We see now how practice and a careful attention to minor details is necessary to secure the proper artistic results even in such a thing as manslaughter, which, like running a newspaper, every one thinks he can do to perfection without any prior training or experience.

"Little PHIL" started out in life with the customary Kentucky idea that he would not amount to much until he had "killed his man." We call this a "Kentucky idea" though well aware of the fact that it is more properly a Dahomey or Senegambian idea, as the woolly-headed negros of Central Africa have cultivated such a feeling with earnestness and assiduity centuries before Kentucky was ever thought of.

He does not seem to have had good luck with his first two murders. They were commonplace, crude bits of work by his 'prentice hand, that attracted no attention in Kentucky, and nothing more of the occurrence is remembered than that there were two men who fell in some way before "Little PHIL'S" unerring hand.

He apparently learned something by this, for the next two that he slew were taken off in such a way as to arrest public attention and gave him much local celebrity for potting his game with the certainty and finish of a true expert. It was something the same reputation that a successful "matador" gets in Spain for his dextrous elegance in slaying infuriated bulls. If we remember correctly, this performance of "Little PHIL'S" consisted in slaying two brothers in a crowded court-room, whither they had been induced to come to engage in a lawsuit, in which their interests were involved. Full particulars of this affair are also wanting, but as it was looked on with approval by the Judge, Sheriff and other officers of the Court, and "Little PHIL" came out without a scratch, we can believe that it satisfied all the severe requirements of the Kentucky rules for assassination, not excepting that prime one of the assassin being very careful to get "the drop" on his victims, and dispatch them without the least risk to himself.

The fame won by this exploit made "Little PHIL" a Congressman, established him firmly as a man of consideration in the Blue Grass region, and filled him with ambition to improve on the performance in such a way as to gain a National reputation of the same brilliancy as that enjoyed in his immediate neighborhood. His motive was simple and easily understood: He was a-hungry for notoriety, and was merely a tenth rate Congressman with every prospect in the world that he would live and die as unnoted by people in general outside of the Kentucky boundaries as if he was only an Louisville Alderman. Below mediocre in brains, education and personal address, his only hope of acquiring his coveted distinction lay in his nimble little pistol.

The accessories with which he surrounded his sensational introduction of himself to the general public, showed a cunning study of theatrical effects. In the language of the street, the racket was played for all it was worth. First was his cousin, "Miss" JESSIE BUCKNER, a woman described as of surpassing charms, and surrounded with an odor of just enough naughtiness to make her generally interesting. Then there was his own wife, beautiful, accomplished, and devoted to him, except at rare intervals when she yielded to the fascinations of the flowing bowl. Next comes his intimate friend, a handsome, manly fellow, with all the fascinating qualities of a true Kentucky gentleman. Add to this promising trio a couple of bottles of champagne in a Cincinnati hotel, and the opportunity is made which "Little PHIL" hastens to improve. He meets his friend on the cars, and promptly shoots him through the back of the head. A man of ten-fold more honor and usefulness than his murderer is sent to a shameful grave, his young wife and children are condemned to blighted lives, a weight of terrible ignominy is thrown upon the assassin's delicately nurtured, loving wife, but the assassin himself has gained his day of glory, and recks naught of the frightful cost by which it was purchased. He becomes the hero of the *Bombastes* of the saloons and the street corners. Maudlin praises of his act are hiccupped over full glasses by men who will presently go home to beat their wives and abuse their children. Kentucky papers, drunk with the dregs of State pride, hysterically applaud him, and make the shameless plea that "the shot-gun ready for instant use" is necessary to reserve the virtue of Kentucky women. He goes into court as he would go to a political barbecue. Around him are his own gangs of *claqueurs* and strikers, the "hurrah-boys" of his own conventions, and whose noisy demonstrations silence whatever protest may rise from decency and justice. The Judge is a member of the same political ring, and so doubtless are the other court officials. The trial is a gala-week, in which a number of ambitious politicians get an admirable chance, under pretense of making arguments, to air their eloquence before admiring crowds that flock in from all parts of the State. A United States Senator, who laid the foundations for his reputation for eloquence in inciting Indiana Copperheads to resist the war, led in magnificent eulogies upon the man who "had vindicated the purity of his family altar," by shooting a man from behind. The murderer was acquitted amid the fervent applause of his well-trained tooters.

As far as "Little PHIL THOMPSON" is concerned, the thing has been a most brilliant success. He could not have managed it better, and there is no longer any question of his now standing among the foremost men in Kentucky.

If he can prevent any twinges of conscience about the innocent man—the friend—whom he slew and dishonored; about the two women he has more than widowed, it will be a grand success for him, indeed.

Should Bob INGERSOLL be right, and there be no hell, how are all these things to be evened up?

ANOTHER dude slapt FREDDY GEBHARD'S face yesterday. Even the worm will sometimes turn.

BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

We wish every family receiving the BLADE could also possess a copy of the Illustrated Bible Biography, the handsome $3 book we are now mailing postpaid for $1.25. Out of nearly 5,000 copies printed, we have only some 200 left, and they are going fast. Secure a copy while you can.

"CATH'S" POEM.

That GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND has a mastery of pure, forceful English hardly equaled by any other writer for the American press, is a matter recognized quite as well inside of newspaper offices, as out. It is to this, his industry as a fact gatherer, and the strong masculinity of his analysis and consideration of his facts that has made him the best known and most widely read of all our journalists. Every year a much larger constituency learns to look to him for information on all the larger facts of our political, commercial and social life, to digest these facts and show their tendencies and relations—in short, to do their higher thinking for them. Ostensibly only a newsgatherer and correspondent, he is really a great editor, and does as much to mold and direct public opinion as any man in the Nation. Those who know him in this capacity only were hardly prepared for his appearance as a poet, and especially as the author of as fine a poem as that written for the reunion of the Army of the Potomac, and which we have reproduced in full. It has all the grand swing and energy of the noblest lyrics in our language, and is worthy of a place alongside of MACAULAY'S "Battle of Naseby" and "Battle of Ivry." The opening lines have a specially smooth resonance:

There is one too little mentioned when your proud re-unions come,
And the thoughtful love of country dies upon the sounding drum;
Let me call him in your muster, let me wake him in your grief.

These stanzas are particularly good:

Tender as the harp of David, his soft answers now became,
When amid the cares of kingdom rose and fell some Absolom;
And his humor gilds his memory like a light within a tent,
Or the sunken sun that lingers on the lofty monument.

Like the slave that saw the sunrise with his face toward the west,
As it flashed while yet 'twas hidden on a slender steeple's crest,
So while victory turned her from him ere the dawn in welcome came,
On his pen Emancipation glittered like an altar flame.

Feeling for the doomed deserter, feeling for the drafted sire,
For the empty Northern hearthstone and the Southern home afire,
Mercy kept him grim as Moloch, all the future babes to free,
And eternal peace to garner for the millions yet to be.

In the rear the people clamored, in the front the generals missed,
In his inner councils harbored critic and antagonist,
But he ruled them by an instinct, like the queens among the bees,
With a health of soul that honeyed Publicans and Pharisees.

Faint of faith, we looked behind us for a chief of higher love,
While the voice that drowned the trumpets was the echo of our own;
Ever thus, my old companions, genius has us by the hand,
Walking on the tempest with us, every crisis to command.

Like the bugle blown at evening by some home-sick son of ark,
Lincoln's words unearthly quiver, in the universal heart,
Not an echo left of malice, scarce of triumph in the strain,
As when Summer thunder murmurs in pathetic showers of rain.

And these—

Deep the wells of humble childhood, cool the springs beside the hut,
Millions more as poor as Lincoln see the door he has not shut.
Not till wealth has made its canker every poor white's cabin through
Shall the great Republic wither, or the infidel subdue.

* * * * * * *

Stand around your great commander, lay aside your little fears,
Every Lincoln carries freedom's ear along a hundred years.
And when next the call for soldiers rolls along the golden belt,
Look to see a mightier column rise and march, prevail and melt.

The poem will live as the noblest tribute to LINCOLN offered by a contemporary.

MR. GEO. J. GROSCHEN, who is one of the most brilliant of English political economists, has recently written a work on the "Present and Future Gold," which is attracting much attention. He produces many facts to show that while the need of gold in the world is steadily increasing, the supply is as steadily decreasing. There is no such annual addition to the world's stock as there was 10 or 20 years ago. In the years, 1856–60, the average product was close upon 36 millions. Twenty years later, it fell to considerably less than 30 millions—a loss of 17 per cent. One of the remedies he suggests for this condition shows him to be a thoro English economist, one of those who preach Free Trade to the rest of the world, because that is the best policy for English purposes. He gravely recommends that inasmuch as there is not enough gold, that England only shall make it the standard of exchange, while America, France, Germany and Italy shall content themselves with a silver standard. This is very English in its selfishness and insolence.

HENRIETTE VINTON DAVIS, who is believed to be the coming rival of MARY ANDERSON, is described as a superb looking mulatto, with remarkably handsome eyes and graceful movements. She is intelligent and gifted with a voice of singular sweetness, has genuine tragic fire and a strong liking for the stage. She has been carefully puffed, and now the announcement of her performance has come out. She is to play *Juliet, Julia, Hester Grazebook, Rosalind* and other parts, and she will make her first appearance in Washington under the patronage of FRED DOUGLASS. Strange to say, the main obstacle to her debut is the difficulty of finding some white actor who will play *Romeo* to her *Juliet*.

THE blackballing of JAY GOULD by the swell Eastern Yacht Club, of Boston, produces quite a sensation in New York. The Eastern Yacht Club has on its rolls all the nobby yachtsmen of England, and is considered quite too aristocratic for the usual purposes of life. GOULD has taken the course that would naturally suggest itself to his stock-jobbing mind. He has started an opposition Yacht Club, called the "America," with which he doubtless expects to break down the other folk's stock until he can buy it up for a song. This is the way to do with railroads and telegraphs. Why not with a gentleman's club?

THE fanaticism at Pocasset, which four years ago led CHARLES FREEMAN to kill his child, with the idea that God required the sacrifice and would bring about a resurrection the third day, has changed now into different forms of unbelief, many of those who were so firm in their faith then having become doubters of all religion. Much of the anger against FREEMAN among outsiders has died out, yet should he return to Pocasset there are those there who threaten to tar and feather him, and doubtless would do so. He and his family now propose to move to the Far West.

NASBY IN EXILE.

Agents are meeting with good success in canvassing for this elegant subscription book. Anybody can sell the book and make a clear profit of $5 to $10 per day. It costs but $1 for an outfit. Address LOCKE PUBLISHING CO., Toledo, O., for circulars of description.

SELF-CONTROL AND DYNAMITE.

The execution of JOE BRADY on Monday, the first who has paid the penalty for the crime of murdering Lord CAVENDISH and Mr. BURKE, passed off without disturbance of any kind, contrary to general expectation. The feeling of those who assembled near the jail seemed rather to be one of solemnity than of revenge. There was an intense but sternly repressed excitement, broken only when the death emblem fluttered from the flag staff. Then a murmur ran through the crowd, hats were torn from the heads, and many fell upon their knees in prayer for the soul just departed.

Cowardly though the deed was of killing two unarmed men, BRADY carried himself bravely at the last. Unlike others, he did not turn informer, he did not flinch, but went with firm step to the death to which he had been condemned. There was nothing like an appeal for mercy, but he died courageously, no matter how he had lived.

Other executions are to follow this one, but it remains to be seen whether the self-control of the people will last. It is to be hoped that it will. The spectacle of a people who believe themselves tyrannized over, their rights trampled upon, a people in whose hearts is bitter hatred of the oppressor, and a determination to be free, yet holding themselves under restraint at such a time, challenges the sympathy of the world. For it must be remembered that even those Irishmen who did not approve of the murder of Lord CAVENDISH and BURKE, yet believe the murderers only mistaken in their ways, and that the deed was done through love for their country.

The sympathy that is felt for Ireland will, however, fade out in exasperation and horror everywhere should it prove true that dynamite is to be employed in blowing up steamers that are crossing the Atlantic. They may be English vessels, but they carry passengers of all nationalities, and more, perhaps, from the United States than all the rest put together. One such act as that will do much to make enemies to the Irish cause here, and will effectually wipe out all the credit that self-control, while the hangman does his work, may give them. Irish leaders should unite their efforts to those of the law to prevent such warfare as that.

THERE are people so mean that they are out of place in this world, and certainly are not wanted in another. Of such is the man ABERCROMBIE, who brought the Boston Juvenile Opera Company West, and after playing it in several Towns deserted it in Anderson, Ind., about the middle of last March, leaving the members absolutely destitute and some of them sick from being obliged to stop at poor hotels, sleep in cold rooms, and being generally ill-treated. Nine of the 16 persons forming the troupe were girls, the oldest 21 years of age. The man ABERCROMBIE had persistently refused to pay them their wages, though it was known that he had money and sent it home regularly. When he finally went away, he left the company without a dollar to make their way home, and had it not been for the kindness and manliness of his agent, who kept the company together and played in different Towns, so as to get money to reach a point nearer home, their distress would have been much greater. A part of them reached Utica, N. Y., a few days ago, and the *Herald* of that City makes the circumstances known. It is stated that the company was a good one and could have done well had it not been known that ABERCROMBIE was the man who publicly declared on the day of GARFIELD'S assassination that he was glad of it, and only wished the President had been killed. This would effectually prevent a large attendance, as it ought to have done.

THE cold weather of last week moves the weather expert of the New York *Herald* to say that it is the usual thing all over the Northern Hemisphere for the temperature to fall in a very marked manner between the 9th and 14th of May. He says:

The British meteorologists find, with very rare exceptions, that a "cold period" annually sets in over their country, and in Russia there is a proverb that Winter's winds cease to blow after May 14. Many years ago Humboldt, speaking of this anomalous cold spell, said: "It is much to be desired that this phenomenon, which some have felt inclined to attribute to the melting of ice in the northeast of Europe, should be also investigated in remote spots." The phenomenon is perfectly marked in this country. From May, 1873, to May, 1880—eight consecutive years—the Government weather reports show that on our Middle Atlantic coast the temperature fell remarkably low between the 11th and 16th of every May, and for the last 10 consecutive Mays there has been quite a sharp cold spell at the average date of May 13. The explanation of this climatic anomaly is, doubtless, that in the first week of May the sun's force within the Arctic Circle is sufficient to melt millions of tons of ice and snow, thus causing the decided chilling of the atmosphere in high latitudes, which, in a few days, finds its way to Europe and the United States.

THE New York *Morning Journal* says, that within the past week Mr. JAY GOULD is said to have altogether given up his idea of a trip around the world in his steam-yacht. He may take several trips abroad of her on the placid waters of the Mediterranean, where it is not a matter of very much time to run into some port. But Mr. GOULD has suddenly grown very averse to trust all that he holds dear, *i. e.*, Mr. GOULD, in unknown latitudes. The cause of his sudden turn was the capsizing and sinking of the "Grayling." It has been represented to Mr. GOULD that the "Grayling" is a mere pleasure and racing shell which cannot be compared to his stout steamer, the "Atlanta," built especially to brave the storms of any latitude. It has been demonstrated that steamers don't capsize and sink. "No, but they collide," says Mr. GOULD, "and they often go down." Mr. GOULD unless, he again changes his mind, send the boat to Europe and join her on a stout ocean steamship. He is opposed to his son GEORGE crossing the ocean on the "Atlanta," for GEORGE is the apple of his eye.

THE people of Menard County, Ills., have learned that lightning-rod agents, "smile only to betray" at a cost estimated as being somewhere between $5,000 and $10,000. The plan is for an advance agent to go around taking contracts, say for 87½ cents a foot for all over the first 130 feet, which were to be free. The rest of the troop follow and literally cover the building, the cost mounting up into the hundreds. One man wanted a house rodded and applied to a local dealer, who asked $40. This being too much for our canny farmer he gave the contract to a traveling company at $12. When the job was finished he was requested to pay a bill of $536. Many have been caught in a like manner. Taking all in all the chest is one of the baldest ever practiced in the West.

NEW YORK OPIUM DENS.

The habit of opium taking is declared by physicians to be on the increase in this country. Of course it means physical and mental wreck to all who indulge in the vile drug, though no one realizes what he is bringing himself to until it is too late.

The New York *Herald* of Thursday contains a description of the Chinese opium dens in that City, and of the methods taken to lure young white girls, children many of them are, into the horrible places where their immediate ruin is only a question of little time. Little girls, it is said, are first given candy with opium in it in small quantities in order to have them acquire a taste for its effect. Then they are coaxed into the dens where there is usually a room used as a sort of parlor and by representations of the further delights of the drug they are induced to smoke a pipe through curiosity. The descent then is rapid, and no influence are strong enough to take them away from these haunts. The entreaties of a mother and the authority of a father seem entirely ineffectual, after the habit is once formed.

These dens are owned and carried on by Chinamen, who live in an atmosphere of opium smoke. They are counterparts of those in San Francisco, which have been so often described and commented upon, and which are one of the evils that follow the "Heathen Chinee" wherever they gather in numbers. Instead of whisky saloons, they ruin the bodies and souls of their victims in opium dens. Their methods are different, but the result is about the same. Money is the object in both cases, with no regard to consequences.

The authorites of New York have work before them, if they do their duty. The *Herald* is not jubilant over the prospect, but if the half which it tells is true, the matter should be taken hold of with a will, and open indulgence in opium-smoking, with the ruin of young girls who are little more than children, forbiden forthwith. So long as opium can be bought, its use cannot be stopped entirely, any more than that of whisky, but it may be kept in check.

TREATY OF PEACE.

At last after several years of trouble, a treaty of peace has been signed between Peru and Chili, by which the former cedes Tacna and Arica for 10 years, and then the question of possession is to be settled by a plebiscit, the one which retains them paying an indemnity to the other.

It is not necessary to go minutely over the past events which have brought Peru to her present pitiable condition. The war had its origin in a dispute between Chili and Bolivia with regard to a tax upon exports of nitrate which the latter imposed in a territory that had been in dispute, but by a treaty made in 1874 was ceded to her, altho the deposits were worked by Chilians. Peru sided with Bolivia, and the result was the war which terminated so disastrously to her. Since that time she has been occupied by Chilian forces, with no recognized Government that deserved the name, with commerce killed, a treasury depleted, and in a sad condition generally. The treaty will secure the withdrawal of Chilians, and gives her a chance to recuperate, if she has energy enough to do so.

But it will be uphill work, and her people have not shown such a capacity for self-government as to give very strong hopes for the future. They have far less spirit and intelligent daring than the Chilians, and crushed as they have been, it will be hard to rise. Yet she is to be congratulated that the treaty has at last been confirmed, for there is a chance for the future that did not exist so long as Chili occupied the country.

A QUESTION of great importance to farmers has at last been disposed of by the Federal Court. In 1861 a Col. NELSON A. GREEN, then in command of a regiment of volunteers drilling at Cortlandt, N. Y., was very desirous of obtaining a supply of pure water for his men. He pondered over it for a while, and then procuring a sharpened rod, drove it through the earth down into the water-bearing strata. Withdrawing this a pump-rod was inserted and the first "drive-well" was made. The Colonel did nothing with his discovery until 1868, when letters patent were secured. During this time wells were put down all over the country, and, it is claimed, with Col. GREEN'S full knowledge. As soon as the patent was granted, suits for infringement were set up everywhere, and a large corps of lawyers was employed and kept constantly busy maintaining them. Finally, a test case was set up, and the Courts declared the patent null and void. This decision will greatly please farmers and dairy men, as they were much annoyed by the extortionate royalty demanded.

THE City of Manchester in England, has become discouraged with the exorbitant dock dues at Liverpool and the heavy carriage duties between the two Cities and has determined to become a seaport Town herself. A bill has been read for the second time in the House of Commons, providing for the opening of a ship canal through which merchandise can be carried directly from New York to this great Lancashire metropolis. The plan is to use the beds of the Mersey and Irwell Rivers as channels, and the water level be raised by a system of locks. Should this scheme be carried out Manchester will probably maintain her supremacy as a great center, which she is now in danger of losing.

THE French Agricultural Societies are up in arms against some of the Spanish wines which are sent into France. Great quantities of what is really reddened Spanish water with about one-seventh part of some ordinary spirit are sent across the frontier, at a duty of a penny a gallon, while without water the duty is seven francs a gallon. The French know something now of how Americans feel over the vile stuff they send over here, in the place of the pure wine for which our people pay.

NEW JERSEY has a quick way of disposing of its criminals. One ELSEE who was discovered to have been burglarizing several houses in Asbury Park, through stolen goods seen upon his child on Saturday, was arrested, tried, convicted and on on the following Thursday began an eight years sojourn in the Trenton State Prison. This promptness might be imitated with good effect in other States.

ANYBODY can sell a good subscription book, and the best selling book of this season is "Nasby in Exile." Write the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio.

BUTLER AND TEWKSBURY.

Gen. BUTLER has thus far had it all his own way in regard to the Tewksbury Almhouse. The investigation has shown the existence of a most terrible state of things which has thrilled people everywhere with horror and given color to all the charges that he has made against the management. But the other side is yet to be heard from in the matter, and it is declared that it can be shown that the charges of cruelty, extravagance, and unrighteous money making are utterly false. The Boston *Transcript*, which is evidently determined not to let Gov. BUTLER have it all his own way, says that anyone qualified to analyze evidence would not be prejudiced against an institution by the testimony of most of the witnesses brought forward by the prosecution, meaning, of course, that their character was not such as to entitle them to credence.

It is to be hoped for the sake of humanity that the stories have been exaggerated, and matters will not be found as bad as is charged. That there have been abuses seems almost certain, as it is not likely there would be so much smoke without some fire. As to the witnesses, it is not to be expected that the mass of inmates of an almshouse are of the highest character, but it would seem to be an easy matter to sift out some grains of truth from the false, and it is not at all likely that all would perjure themselves even though they were paupers.

A good purpose will have been answered, whatever the result in Tewksbury, if attention is called to the condition of public institutions everywhere, and to the necessity of a careful and constant oversight by the public of their arrangements and the methods by which they are conducted. The scrutiny to which they are subjected cannot be too rigid, and if the officers are earnest and conscientious in the discharge of their duties they will not object to, but rather invite such inspection. Gov. BUTLER may be animated, as asserted, by other motives than merely to correct grave abuses in the management of a public institution, but if his charges are disproved it will be so much more to its credit and place it in a better light than it has ever before occupied. Because there are almshouses all over the country the matter and its outcome are of general interest.

THE Pope is making things ripe for an Irish Catholic Church. His predecessors lost their hold on the Christians in England, Germany, Holland, Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries by the same course of opposition to the national spirit. For centuries the Popes maintained their hold over Ireland by the encouragement of the Irish feeling in opposition to England. This was one of the rods with which they punished England's revolt against the authority of the Holy See. It was a powerful one, when the Irish could be made to rise at the tap of the drum to welcome and aid any French invasion of England. The last time this was done was in the fearful times of 1798. Since then there has been an alliance between the St. James and the Vatican with regard to Ireland, in which Rome aids England to rob the Irish under the pretext of governing them and caring for their bodies, and England aids Rome to rob them of the rest of their earnings under the pretext of furnishing them with religion and caring for their souls. The Pope is now endeavoring to carry out his part of the contract by threatening the Irish with his sincere displeasure if they do not be still while the English are shearing them.

THE telegraph item that 50 tents were blown down on Saturday in a militia camp near Nashville, and that the water stood two inches deep on the parade ground, will bring up lively memories to the boys of the old Army of the Cumberland. How, just after the camp was made snug and comfortable for the night, one of those Tennessee zephyrs carrying a bucketful of water to every cubic foot of wind, would pirouet along the mountain side, flattening the tents in an instant like so many bursted soap bubbles, and making men and horses feel as if the "Directions for Resuscitation of the Drowned," were the things they should have learned by heart! And how everybody would cheer as he crawled out from the ropes and wet unuslin, as if it was the funniest thing he ever heard of! But that was 20 years ago, where there was lots of fun in things that do not seem at all mirthful now.

THERE is marital misery among the BELMONTS. OLIVER HAZARD BELMONT, son of AUGUST BELMONT, married last December Miss SARA SWAN WHITNEY, a young lady of great wealth, and as fascinating and attractive a woman as the society of New York possessed. The wedding was celebrated in grand style, and regarded as a particularly happy union. But BELMONT soon wearied of his young wife, and while in Paris began frequently absenting himself from her side for longer and longer periods, until she became out of patience and returned to America with her mother. It is now claimed that BELMONT is dreaming the happy hours away in the garlic-scented *posadas* of Spain, in company with a charmer from a Parisian theater. His father has gone thither to interview the young man, and his wife meditates divorce.

CONGRESSMAN JOHN F. FINERTY talks some very weighty truths regarding the Pope's siding with England against the Irish Catholics. It is nothing new, either, for it is fully seven centuries since the English were launched against Ireland by a papal rescript to HENRY II. Mr. FINERTY is correct in defining it as "Italian" ideas, which are attempted to be palmed off as the teachings of the church. The papacy is in the hands of a little close ring of powerful Italian families, who have made the Catholic Church and its revenues as much their property as the New York Central Railroad and its revenues are the property of the Vanderbilts. There is a mutual agreement between them and England as to the plucking of Ireland, and the present course of the Pope is in accordance with that agreement.

"SIGNAL OFFICER HAZEN predicts complete success for the Greeley relief expedition," say the dispatches. What we want most of Signal Officer HAZEN is to predict plenty of good crop weather, and know what he is talking about, too. We are not so much interested in the North Pole. As Lieut. SCHWATKA says, "It will keep; its on ice."

Hardy Gilford was sentenced for life by Judge Bennett at Janesville, for the murder of Chas. Pugh, at Benton, Wis., about a year ago.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A decision by the Secretary of the Interior refusses the Northern Pacific Railroad Company permission to withdraw from settlement and entry the indemnity lands lying 20 miles or more beyond the original alternate sections granted in the charter. ——Mrs. Lucy H. Pickens, the widow of the war Governor of South Carolina, is at work in that State in the interest of the society for restoring Mount Vernon, Washington's home, to its former condition——Harry Garfield, son of the late Pres. Garfield, is to deliver the oration at North Adams, Mass., on Decoration Day.——The production of rolled iron in Pennsylvania in 1882 was 1,123,886 tons, a decrease of 130,980 tons compared with 1881. Production of Ohio, 356,608 tons, or 10,881 tons in excess of the previous year.——The Canadian Government agreed to grant $900,000, at 4 per cent., to the Montreal Harbor Commissioners, to deepen the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec to 27½ feet.——The largest milk pan on record has just been made for an Iowa creamery. It will hold 600 gallons.——George H. Corliss, of Rhode Island, is building the engines for the first cotton-mills to be erected in China.——Diplomatic relations between England and Mexico are to be renewed.——Cetewayo was badly defeated in a battle with two native chiefs recently.——Six of the men accused at Dublin of conspiracy to murder were sentenced to penal servitude for terms ranging from five to 10 years. The brother of Joe Brady, who was accused of threatening the foreman of the jury that sent Joe to the gallows, was discharged with the consent of the man threatened. Daniel Curley, one of the Phœnix Park assassins, was hanged Friday.——The contract for the Garfield monument in Washington has been awarded to J. Quincy Adams Ward. He is to be paid $50,000.——Upon the adjournment of the New York Legislature the Republican members of that body united in an address to the people epitomizing the record made by the Democratic majority. Among the accusations made was that as a result of their disregard of economy the tax rate had been increased from 2.45 mills in 1882 to 3.25 mills in 1883. The aggregate increase in a State so large will be enormous.——Two days after the cyclone in Mississippi a little boy was found in a patch of alder bushes not far from Headland. He was about two years old, but could not tell where he came from or how he got there, but the indications are

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Society of the Grand Army of the Potomac.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade:

WASHINGTON, May 18, 1883.

The advent of the Society of the Grand Army of the Potomac makes Washington lively. It not only brings up the memory of a hundred battles, of fearful losses, of narrow escapes, of the long years of camps and marches, when every man held his life in his hands, but it arouses the sympathies of a new generation and calls out the enthusiasm of all classes. All day yesterday and day before our streets were alive with bands of music and the movements of men and bodies of men in the gay trappings of the army. The headquarters of the Society were at the Riggs House, opposite to the Treasury Building, and the meeting of those who had been companions in arms through so many years of danger was often very impressive, and kept an interested crowd around the house till it was broken up by the larger ceremonies of welcome.

Such a meeting could not take place without the solemn thunder of artillery, the inspiring sound of large bands of music, and the measured tramp of drilled battalions. The military display on Wednesday was very brilliant; and a pleasing and novel feature of it was a Company of 60 High School Cadets—boys who left their studies in the school to aid in welcoming with due ceremony the gallant men who survived the great conflict which was fought out before they were born. About noon the artillery, located at the south front of the Treasury building, began to thunder its grave welcome. Then the military, accompanied by large bands of music, appeared in front of the Riggs House, and the society, numbering 200 or 300, were taken in charge. The parade took a circuit which brought the monuments of McPherson, and Thomas, and Scott and Farragut in review, and then presented their guests to the President and the large body of distinguished citizens, embracing a gay company of ladies. The review in front of the White House presented a very gay scene. A large stand had been erected on the street, where the President and his guests were gathered, and Gen. Sherman and Admiral Rowan, representing the army and navy, were in the full dress uniform of the respective branches of the service. Some members of the Cabinet were present with their ladies, and some representatives from the bench of the Supreme Court. The President made no speech, but gracefully lifted his hat to the military companies and veterans as they slowly moved along. When the veterans appeared in front of the stand the band struck up the memorable air: "Marching Through Georgia," which was apparently for the benefit of Gen. Sherman, who lifted his cap and bowed pleasantly with his face. On returning to the Riggs House, the military escort was disbanded, and the Society, without breaking ranks, marched back to the Presidential mansion, headed by Gen. Ayer, to pay their respects to the President who received them in the Blue room, surrounded by the lady guests, who had gathered there to witness the procession. The occasion was quite informal and had the ease and freedom of an evening reception. The different members were personally presented to the President by Marshal McMichael and much pleasant conversation followed. Many of the veterans were accompanied by their sons, and these, holding to the rights of inheritance, had clubbed together and, in a separate company, had marched with their fathers to get a look at the President and the interior of the mansion where he dwelt. They were welcomed with the rest and the President took pains to do them special honor. The reception continued for an hour or more, when the veterans returned to their quarters, going thence to the business meeting at the National Theatre. In the evening the poem by George Alfred Townsend and the oration by Hon Martin Maginnis were delivered to a large audience in the theater and were received with many rounds of applause. The poem was better than such effusions generally are, and the oration was a history which well might interest all who heard it. The speaker put his praises on the army and not on its commanders. There never was an army, he said, that owed so little to leadership. What it had was often through misdirection and what it achieved was largely won by its own patriotic blood. It was confronted always by the great army of the rebellion. It held the dragon by the throat while other armies struggled with the lashings of his tail. In the history of the war it was entitled to the right of the line. For it came to pass that as soon as the rebellion was fully organized the Confederacy abandoned its chosen capital at Montgomery, and located permanently in Richmond, where it rallied its bravest knights and strongest champions and placed the flower of its chivalry, and where it finally fell and gave up the ghost. After his noble tribute to the army and its achievements he said some words which will bear repeating here.

"Peace," he continued, "has been greater than war. The skilful hands of science have brought into use unknown powers of the air and mysterious forces of the earth, and the lovely hands of art are crowning our country with beauty. The numbers and wealth of our people have nearly doubled. So has our territory; for the condemned deserts of the West turn out to be granaries of bread meat for the world. The forbidden rocks of old geographies have resolved themselves into mines of silver and gold, and under their frowning peaks are found parks, canyons, waterfalls, and geysers the sublime glories of nature; the pleasure ground of mankind. The genius of America has united our distant coasts with bands of steel, and planted her feet on those blue precipices, which old explorers used to call 'The land of the shining mountains, beyond the Western plain.'"

Gen. Sherman was called out and began his little speech by referring to the fact that he did not belong to the Army of the Potomac and that a friend had cautioned him beforehand that he must behave himself discreetly, for, said he, "this is the Army of the Potomac and we don't want any bummers around." He was accordingly very guarded and conceded the "right of the line" as claimed. He was followed by Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Webb, Gen. Brener and Speaker Keifer, who all made short and inspiring speeches.

Yesterday the Society and a large company of invited guests, took boats for Mount Vernon. As the boats passed the arsenal, a national salute was fired by the troops stationed there. The day was pleasantly spent on this favorite excursion and in the evening there was a banquet at Abner's which was a very brilliant affair, calling out a great number of speeches from the great leaders of the army and from the invited guests. The weather throughout was splendid—clear and cool—good for marching, and good for all kinds of social enjoyment. The meeting of the Society here has certainly been a very great success.

BUCKEYE.

FLORIDA.

Facts and Figures Concerning that Delicious Clime.

To the Editor of the Blade.

GENEVA, Orange Co., Fla., May 1.

In my last I promised to tell you something about the production of this country. While everything is grown here that is produced between the Poles and tropics. Florida is not adapted to general farming. It is an indisputable fact that the fruits congenial to this soil have a better flavor and are produced more abundantly under intelligent cultivation than in any other locality in the world. That being the fact, is it not better for us to raise special crops that will pay from $500 to $5,000 per acre than to attempt to compete with general farming that pays from $50 to $100 per acre? Fruits that we do raise and have no trouble with are oranges, lemons, figs limes, citron, pine apples, guavas, strawberries, and some few varieties of cherries, plums and grapes. One reason our list of fruits is not more varied is because the country is but recently settled; another is that oranges and lemons pay so well that all our energy is expended upon them, to the almost utter neglect of everything else. A gentleman, in conversation with the owner of a young grove, asked him if wheat would grow here. The answer was that it would.

"Why do you not raise enough for your own use, then?"

"Do you see that tree?"

"Yes."

"Well, I took the oranges from that tree to Sanford, and they paid for two barrels of the best flour.

This is just it. We know if we can get a grove into full bearing that every acre is worth more than a hundred for general farming. So we rough it, live as best we can knowing that with good cultivation the immediate future promises us a full competence, but you must always bear in mind that there is a long, hungry gap between a piece of wild land and a bearing grove, but this in a great measure is the fault of the man himself. There are one or two singular peculiarities about this climate, one of which is that however level your head may be at home you will lose your balance here, if not very careful; the other is that this being a country where sugar and syrup are made, taffy is plentiful and is used freely, especially upon new importations, and they swallow it whole, and all. Remember this, fo coming here, that you will not believe the truth when told for your own benefit, when in any other quarter of the globe you would know it to be true and adopt it. I was a little amused the other day by a gentleman looking for a location. "They say that they can do so and so; I say show it me, show it me: but we can; never mind that, show it me, show it me," he says "I see it here and now I am satisfied, you are not going to beat me bad." The great trouble is all are liable to overstock themselves. If a man of limited means would plant 50 trees, take care of them and devote the rest of the time to vegetables, chickens and bees, there ought to be no reason for failure. Bees make honey all the year, and do as well as at the North; chickens through the Winter are worth $5 to $9 per doz.; eggs 25 to 60 cents per doz. All kinds of vegetables will grow here, and sometimes they do well, but oftener not, their doing well sometimes is an evidence that it is not their fault. When failure occurs, I just pay for fresh vegetables. Potatoes, Irish, $2 per bush.; small cabbage, 10 cts. each; string beans, 10 cts. per quart; onions, 2 cts. each. Why I do not raise my own, is because I follow the fashion, and do as I see others do. I have never given a garden any attention, but have planted a few things and let them take care of themselves, but at no time, Summer or Winter, have I been without vegetables of some kind. I gather as I need them. I cut of cabbage heads and new shoots start from the stump and produce small heads a half a dozen times. I have just pulled up one head three years old that has 11 heads. The milk and butter question has caused a good deal of inquiry. There is plenty of cattle here and 2,000 head are owned within one mile of me that feed principally on the low grounds that border the rivers and lakes. These cattle will eat nothing but what they pick for themselves; pen them and they will starve with all kinds of food before them. They are sold and shipped to Cuba. The beef is not of the first quality, as it is dry and has a game flavor. In the Spring as many as may be wanted of these cattle are driven up and penned over night, and in the morning are let out the calves being retained, as that insures the return of the cattle at night. After a certain length of time the pen is moved its width, and so on until you have land enough cupped for your potato patch. Before the Yank's advent that was the extent of fertilization. While the cows are penned you can get milk at 10 cents per quart. It is worth that to get it, as it is a good cow that will give four quarts a day, and you will get none unless the calf, too, begins the operation. When the cows come up one is let into the pen, and when you think the calf is getting milk, you drive it away, if you can, holding it up in one hand, and you fight the calf and milk with the other. If you get as much as the calf you have done well. You then let in another cow and fight the battle over, repeating the program until you have all you want, or can get. The cattle sell in droves at from $10 to $15 per acre. They cost nothing, except to keep track of them. Oxen are worth $40 to $60 per pair. Very few of them will eat anything unless they pick it themselves. You turn them out at night and the next time you use them is after you find them. Horses brought from Georgia are worth $100 to $175; mules the same. Ponies are raised here and sell at $100 to $125. There are but few used, and they always single, for riding, plowing or before a cart. They are an expensive luxury, as most of the feed is brought from the North. Two crops of cow peas can be raised in a season, and they are fully equal to clover for feeding or for plowing in. Crab-grass (knot-grass) comes in spontaneously in cultivated land, as does also wild timothy (foxtail). No one, to my knowledge, has ever tried to raise grasses for hay. As soon as I get my grove well under way will go in bearing all these things will be attended to successfully. A family's expenses here are really less than in the North. If you lived in the same style, used the same kind and amount of food with all its attendant waste, it would cost 20 to 50 per cent more; but we live plainer, more economical, and rough it sometimes. When we have the good things we use them; when we have not we go without, and have a better appetite when they come again. What you save in cost of buildings, clothing and fuel, goes a long ways in supplying a family with the actual necessaries of life. You can buy groceries, dry goods and furniture in Sanford, 15 miles from us, at about 15 to 20 per cent. advance on New York prices. It is not advisable for any one coming to bring furniture, as the cost of freight and breakage would be equal to cost of plain furniture, such as you need here.

G. A. HEATH.

KANSAS.

The Defects of the State.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

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I will admit that Brown County is far above the average for Kansas. Kansas is certainly, as a State, not the place for a man to emigrate to. While it has some charms it does not give satisfaction in general and is not the place for a man to make a home for himself and family. There is no better way to prove this than to visit the State and find out for yourself. I am sure you will find 90 per cent of the population is ready to sell and at very low terms as compared with other States.

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A. S. JOSEPH,
Carson, Pottawattamie Co., Ia.

Save Your Money.

To the Editor of the Blade:

If you had only one foot of $20 gold pieces more than you now possess, you would have $2,400; of silver dollars, same height, $108; of silver 50 cent pieces, $84; 25 cent pieces, $54; 10 cent pieces, $28.80; nickels, $8.40; 3 cent pieces, $8.64; small 1 cent pieces, $2.16. A foot is not a great height. Save to that extent, and let it be of gold.

ECONOMY.

Preacher Paralyzed.

PITTSBURG, May 20.—Rev. Dr. Hornblower, Professor of Homeletics and second Rhetorics in Western Theological Seminary, was stricken with paralysis this morning, while preaching in the Ballfield Presbyterian church, east end. Slight hopes are entertained of his recovery.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

The Relation of Land Labor and Capital.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

CHARITON, Ia., May 9, 1883.

It was with much interest that I read the article of A. B. Warner in regard to labor and capital, in the BLADE of May 3, and while I may differ materially as to some of the conclusions deduced in his argument, yet I fully realize that such a production can only be successfully answered in an equally argumentative way. This is a question that should be agitated freely, and while I am ready to admit that it is much easier to give remedies than to apply them, I would suggest an appeal to the intelligence and higher nature of the laboring class, instead of reminding them of their ignorance and indolence, bearing in mind that it is the oppression they have received from the capitalist that has caused them to deteriorate, or in any way become less intelligent than the most cultured class. For, if there can be anything accomplished by moral suasion, it would surely be greatly preferable and more humane than to allow this ill-feeling still to exist and continually increase, until the two classes are looked upon as desperate foes. Labor and capital should not be antagonistic; they may be compared with the two opposing forces of nature—each very important and necessary factors when working in harmony. But let either usurp the power of the other, and it is necessary for a restraint to be placed upon the opposer. Under such circumstances they may antagonize, but it is altogether proper that they should.

Mr. Warner thinks the laboring class is fairly represented and protected by our Legislature. Legislation for the people, I consider almost a lost art; I think the modern rendering should be legislation for the money. It is a well authenticated fact that our legislative halls, State and National, are filled with lobbyists, who use all their power and a bountiful supply of money to advance the interest of monopolies and capitalists, and woe to the statesman who takes a bold stand against monopoly. For an example, let us speak of Roscoe Conkling or Sen. Thurman, now in a manner under the shadow of defeat, and only suppressed for your potato patch. Before the Yank's advent that was the extent of fertilization. While the cows are penned you can get milk at 10 cents per quart. It is worth that to get it, as it is a good cow that will give four quarts a day, and you will get none unless the calf, too, begins the operation. When the cows come up one is let into the pen, and when you think the calf is getting milk, you drive it away, if you can, holding it up in one hand, and you fight the calf and milk with the other. If you get as much as the calf you have done well. You then let in another cow and fight the battle over, repeating the program until you have all you want, or can get. The cattle sell in droves at from $10 to $15 per acre. They cost nothing, except to keep track of them. Oxen are worth $40 to $60 per pair. Very few of them will eat anything unless they pick it themselves. You turn them out at night and the next time you use them is after you find them. Horses brought from Georgia are worth $100 to $175; mules the same. Ponies are raised here and sell at $100 to $125. There are but few used, and they always single, for riding, plowing or before a cart. They are an expensive luxury, as most of the feed is brought from the North. Two crops of cow peas can be raised in a season, and they are fully equal to clover for feeding or for plowing in. Crab-grass (knot-grass) comes in spontaneously in cultivated land, as does also wild timothy (foxtail). No one, to my knowledge, has ever tried to raise grasses for hay. As soon as I get my grove well under way will go in bearing all these things will be attended to successfully. A family's expenses here are really less than in the North. If you lived in the same style, used the same kind and amount of food with all its attendant waste, it would cost 20 to 50 per cent more; but we live plainer, more economical, and rough it sometimes. When we have the good things we use them; when we have not we go without, and have a better appetite when they come again. What you save in cost of buildings, clothing and fuel, goes a long ways in supplying a family with the actual necessaries of life. You can buy groceries, dry goods and furniture in Sanford, 15 miles from us, at about 15 to 20 per cent. advance on New York prices. It is not advisable for any one coming to bring furniture, as the cost of freight and breakage would be equal to cost of plain furniture, such as you need here.

G. A. HEATH.

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WEST VIRGINIA.

The Wealth of That Portion of the Union.

To the Editor of the Blade:

It would be rather difficult for a young man seeking a home to come to any conclusion as to where to go in order to secure him a home where he would be satisfied, especially if he listened to all the voices that come to him from all quarters of the United States. Some say, "Come to Kansas where you can raise everything you want with less labor than anywhere in the world. Where it is healthy and a thousand other conveniences." Others say, "Don't go to Kansas where the sunflower and grasshopper reign supreme and where the beautiful cyclone comes, and the wind pulls the cabbage up by the roots, where you can have a good shaking up once and a while with the the ague for the good of your health, etc."

Others say "Come to Nebraska," where you can throw a sheaf of oats up against the side of the house and the winds will hold it there all day. "It is so healthy." It certainly must be. Still another voice say "come to Florida, the land of flowers," where we have such a lovely time with the mosquito and aligator, where it doesn't get very warm in the morning before the ocean breeze comes to your relief. Missouri, Illinois, Dakota, Oregon, California, Washington Territory and others join the column, and you can hear a voice from the hills of West Virginia which desires to speak the truth from a life of experience. There is no State in the Union that can furnish so great a variety of soil, variation of climate, assortment of minerals, as the State of West Virginia. You can have coal land, if you want it, or you can have it without coal; you can have it almost level, or you can have it standing on the edge so you can plant both sides if you want to. You can have a very mild climate or you can have it as cold as blizzards. You can have land that will raise almost anything you want, or you can have it so poor it won't grow brown sage. Considering everything, W. Va. is not so bad after all. I don't think the State can be beaten for grazing purposes. I know of meadows that have not been plowed for 20 years that will cut as good a swath of timothy as any one would wish. I have been a resident of the State for 30 years, and I know of grass lands that have not been plowed since I was old enough to remember anything. We never have to plow a piece of land to get it in grass, and the older the sod the better as a general thing. One of our great drawbacks is the rapid growth of useless stuff such as briars and bushes. It takes a man so long to get his land cleared off so that it won't sprout grubs, etc.

If a man is able to buy woodland, clear it off, get in grass and stock it, he will have an independent fortune in his hands and can live at his ease. The advantage in buying wood land is in getting good, fresh land. Wood-land can be bought for from $3 to $10 per acre, owing to locality and quality. I know of one tract of about 175 acres, and another of about 600 which can be bought for about $8 per acre, that cannot be excelled for grazing purposes. Some improvement upon this can be bought for $9 per acre.

Improved lands can be bought for $15 to $50 per acre. People in coming to West Virginia never leave the railroad and get a very imperfect idea of the State. The B. & O. R. R. passes through the roughest portion of the State. Timber-land is being taken up very rapidly. It will not be long until good-timber land cannot be had for less than improved land can be bought for. The universal wealth of West Virginia in my opinion, is underestimated. And it is to be hoped that the geological survey to be made shortly, will develop more fully the great mineral wealth of this State. Good veins of coal are found in nearly every County in the State. A fine vein will exceed 12 in thickness. Iron ore is found in great quantities and all we want in order to make the State one of the wealthiest in the Union, is more railroads. Capitalists would do well to turn their attention to the hills of West Virginia and dig out her hidden treasures. If any one wishes to come to our State, I will give him any information that is in my power. Should he desire to ask any question through the mail, he will please enclose postage for return.

J. F. GRIFFIN.

Auburn, Ritchie Co., W. Va., May 7.

CLAIM-JUMPING.

A Dakota Man Gives His Views on the Subject.

BISMARCK, D. T., April 29, 1883.

To the Editor of the Blade:

Thinking that those who are thinking of emigrating to Dakota might be pleased to learn something of this distant land, its prospects both present and future, I sit down to enlighten your many thousand readers as far as in my power lies. I have not been here long, 'tis true. Came in March of the present year; found the snow in many places 10 feet deep, and from 12 to 18 inches on the level, and at this writing snow is still to be seen from my window. The country is simply beautiful, and, were it not for certain drawbacks, would soon "blossom as the rose." One of these is the long, cheerless winters that endure at least seven months of the year. Another and very grave one is this, that a very large majority of those who come here take up claims, build a 7x14 shoock on them, then go into Town to live, while they hold their claims, waiting for a favorable opportunity to relinquish for a consideration, thus preventing the actual settling of the country by *bona fide* settlers. They band together to make claim-jumping unpopular, and have so far succeeded that a person who insists upon a proper compliance with law will be ostracised and driven from the Town. The actual settler ever welcomes (where he dare) the claim-jumper. I am informed by people who are conversant with facts, that the grossest abuses of the homestead and preemption privileges prevail, that men unblushingly perjure themselves to get possession of 160 acres of land.

It is no difficult matter to buy a relinquishment, either homestead or preemption for a small consideration. Many persons are hired by those who already have all that they can get honestly, to go upon a piece of land, preempt and in six months prove up and turn over the land to them. Every land agent deals in relinquishments, and while it is considered dishonorable to jump a claim (contest it) it is no dishonor to perjure yourself to support your own or some friends claim. The prairies from St. Paul to Bismarck are dotted with claim shanties of the above description, many of them devoid of doors or windows, within whose bare walls not one piece of furniture has ever been; and yet these claimants will step up before the land office often and swear to having offered their claims for sale a dozen times, and swear that they have taken up said claims for the purpose of actual settlement and cultivation. The actual settler is often conversant with the facts, but his mouth is sealed for fear of social ostracism.

While this state of affairs prevails the settlement of the country will necessarily be slow. It is getting so now that those who are seeking to settle in verity and truth are forced far back from railroads and towns, simply because these vampires have fastened upon all those parts of the public domain lying near to markets, and are holding them for speculation. Could this curse be removed this country would soon become as thickly settled as the more favored parts of our domain, for no country of all our favored land is more susceptible of maintaining a dense population than is Dakota.

CLAIM-JUMPER.

Some Corrections.

KEELVILLE, Kan., May 28, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I was much interested in a military paper in your issue of April 26 called "Early Days of the Rebellion," but it contained some unaccountable omissions.

First—The killing of a soldier in the 46th Ind. at "Paris Landing," White River, by "guerrillas" firing into the transport.

Second—The engineer of the "St. Louis" was killed by "bushwhackers" at a "port" (resting and getting fresh air, as the weather was intensely hot). At the same time several soldiers were in the river bathing and were fired upon, but all escaped unhurt. It was there that the "bushwhacker" was "draped in marine uniform" and placed on the deck of the gunboat, but the trick did not deceive the "Rebs," etc.

Third—It is singular that the battle of "Grand Prairie," three miles out from Crocket's Bluff (July 6), the most brilliant engagement of the expedition, is not mentioned at all. The Colonel of the 24th Ind. Infantry was Spicely, and not "Ashley."

Fourth—It is a strange fact that no mention is made of the landing of the entire force under command of Gen. (Col.) Graham N. Fitch (ex-United States Senator, etc.), at Crocket's Bluff, and the night march, which, under orders of the commander, was made noisy and tumultuous in the highest degree by the continual yelling, etc., of the troops, continuous and loud music of all the bands, shooting of mountain howitzers, etc., etc., which, as was intended, alarmed the Rebels at Davis's Bluff into a hasty blowing up and retreat from their works into the interior, and our quiet return to Clarendon.

HUGH ERWIN,
Formerly Captain Co. "A," Twenty-fourth Indiana Infantry.

Solicitors of Patents.
Stoddart & Co., 613 G. street N. W., Washington, D. C.

VAN ZANDT COUNTY, TEXAS.

A Description of Its Land, Climate, Resources, etc.

To the Editor of the Blade:

Van Zandt County was originally a part of that immense territory which, under the name of the Municipality of Nacogdoches, comprised the fairest portion of the independent Republic of Texas. Subsequent to annexation, in the year 1848, the northwestern part of Nacogdoches County, lying on both sides of the Sabine River, was made a separate County, named Van Zandt, in honor of Gen. Isaac Van Zandt, one of the Texas Envoys to the United States.

The County Seat at first was located at Jourdan Sabine and the first District Court was held in 1848. About two years after this time that part of the County lying north of the Sabine River and now included in the Counties of Rains and Wood, was detached, leaving the County of Van Zandt as it now is.

AREA, SURFACE, POPULATION.

Van Zandt County now contains an area of 900 square miles, or 576,000 acres, of which about two-fifths is prairie and the rest woodland. The face of the country is generally level or gently undulating, no elevations except a few ridges. No County in the State has better natural drainage. The population in 1880 was 12,619, and each year is rapidly increasing.

SOIL AND PRODUCTIONS.

Geologically speaking, the country is of tertiary formation. The soil of the uplands is of a light, loamy sand, mostly dark, texture on a basis of red or yellow clay, in places fossiliferous rock, and in the bottoms it is generally a dark-colored, deep, vegetable mold or alluvium. The soil of the prairies in its appearance and productiveness very closely resembles the soil of the prairies of Illinois. Every acre of arable land in the County will produce, cotton, corn, wheat, rye, oats, tobacco, sorghum, potatos, (Irish and sweet) apples, peaches, plums, pears, quinces, grapes, figs. Sugar and syrup of a fine quality from the ribbon cane is made in the timbered portions of the County and vegetables can be cultivated everywhere. Cotton, corn and wheat are the principal market products. More attention is paid to the culture of cotton than anything else, but raising of the cereals would prove as remunerative. This seems peculiarly adapted to the production of cotton. No country in America is better adapted to grape-growing, the vintage from grapes here yielding as much as from any vineyard in any country known.

NEBRASKA.

Franklin County's Charms.

To the Editor of the Blade:

ORANGE, Franklin County, Neb.

Though a native of the "Buckeye State," I have, for the last four years, been experimenting in the "Great American Desert" at tilling the soil, and with very fair success, as all will admit who know the facts.

When I first came to the State I was the general opinion that only a strip 20 or 30 miles west of the Missouri River might be successfully used for farming purposes, but that theory is now entirely exploded, for some of the finest farms in the State are 150 miles west of that limit, and even west of the 100th meridian the industrious homesteader is contending with the cowboy.

Though we do not have as extensive farms here as the Dalrymple and others in Dakota, still we have many with from 400 to 1,000 acres under cultivation and very few have less than 160.

Our people are of the go-ahead kind, the grasshoppers and hardships of a new country having rid us of the worthless part of our population, who had to seek some other clime, more suitable to their nature.

Wild land is cheap here, selling from $5 to $10 per acre, but it is rising very fast. Three years agoit could be bought for from $1 to $5.

All crops raised in the same latitude farther east can be raised here.

Our soil is not surpassed by any that I have ever seen, the table-lands being a black loam from one to three feet in depth, with a porous, yellow subsoil, which absorbs and retains moisture, so that a person not acquainted would be surprised to see how much drouth it will stand, but of course the drouth affects our crops sometimes, it is true, but the climate is improving each year.

If any reader of the BLADE wants any information that I can give concerning Nebraska, and especially Franklin County, and will enclose postage, I will cheerfully give it.

H. O. HENDRICKS.

American Ship Building Again.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

I am too foxy to thrust myself into a controversy with so logical and graceful a writer as yourself, in which I should encounter only defeat whether I was right or wrong, and my object in making an addition to my communication of Monday last, is to say, that the strong point of "cheap money" in England, which you say I overlooked, is but an added argument in favor of the asserted necessity for Government aid toward the increase of our merchant marine. While we have rapidly approached the low money rates of England, during the past 10 years, it cannot be denied that her ship builders and owners, are content with a rate of net income from this source, that would at present be considered unbearable by our capitalists. As the ratio of reduction in the past, and until our yearly enormous increase of capital our rates will soon correspond with those of England. Until then this is a disability to be overcome in some other manner, and it *must* be overcome, because notwithstanding your remark, which I quote below, I believe no nation can long retain a highly prosperous condition, or an elevated and strong position among the nations of the earth, without an adequate navy and merchant marine. You say: "There is a great deal of tiresome "wash" in the wail over the "decline of American shipping." And again: "It is very pretty and patriotic to wish to see the American flag flying in every harbor of the world, but so long as our people can make much more money at home than upon the seas, we can hardly expect them to take up the less profitable pursuit on sentimental considerations." With great respect I think it is not a question of sentiment at all, but one of stern necessity and self protection. The course pursued by this Government, in respect to our seaboard and lake defenses is most blind and hazardous, and if continued, can but result in the loss of hundreds of millions of property, or sacrifice of National honor, in any difficulty with even a third-rate power of Europe resulting in a declaration of war. And then, hurried preparations for defense costs millions, against thousands in time of peace. We cannot maintain our dignity and independence without the elements of defense by land and sea. The maintenance of a ship-building industry, with extensive preparation in yards and machinery for the construction of large iron ships, managed by competent designers, with workmen fully skilled, cannot now be expected from private enterprise, and yet is what is required for constant additions to our merchant marine, as well as to our navy. No Nation such as ours can long dispense with these primary and necessary elements of defense, and there is no place, that I can find, where sentimentality comes in. If private enterprise cannot afford to leave cattle ranches and build ships, the Government must treat this industry as she has the cotton and woolen and iron mills, and aid in placing it on its feet again. Sentiment, indeed! I call it blind indifference to a great National industry because it is on its back, and to the safety of our long and defenceless coast.

DENNISON B. SMITH.

Fashion's Follies.

Small gilt baskets lined with eider-down and suspended from the arm by a ribbon are carried on the arm, the pug blissfully reposing inside.

Pebble bracelets are very popular.

Sketching hats are dabbed over the top like an artiste's palette.

Fashionable fishing-rods are hand-painted in oils.

A new-fashioned rocker has only one rocker, in the center. It is very comfortable when one is rightly balanced.

The oldest son in all ultra-fashionable families is now called the Prince of Brown, if the family name is Brown, or if it is Jones he is the Prince of Jones.

Opal pins are popular for the hair.

Mother Hubbard bathing suits have yokes and sleeves of white embroidered muslin.

Red Riding Hood capes are worn in the country by our belles.

Chocolate eclairs and soda water are given afternoon callers.

Sulkies are to be fashionable this Summer for young ladies to drive in.

Killed by Greasers.

PITTSBURG, May 19.—A telegram from Madison, New Mexico, says: Alex. Scott, son of Hon. John Scott, President of the Allegheny Valley Railroad Company, and one of the best known of our citizens, was shot and killed in an affray with Greasers yesterday.

PENSIONS AND BOUNTY.

Important Law enacted by Congress August 7th, 1882, removing Charge of Desertion and granting Honorable Discharge and Prompt Pay and Pension. Relatives entitled to all moneys if soldier is dead. Pensions still due to the widows of Soldiers. Widows, Minor Children and Dependent Parents. Increase—Many Pensioners entitled to increase under new laws and more liberal rulings. Rejected and Abandoned Claims reinstated and prosecuted with promptness. Copies of the discharge obtained. Patents and Land Warrants procured. Send two stamps for New Pension and Bounty Laws and Regulations. T. S. HOPKINS & CO. Attorneys, Lock Box 44, Washington, D. C.

A NEW DEPARTMENT.

A Bureau of Wants, Exchanges, &c.

There is such a host of inquiries for addresses of friends, officers of regiments, comrades, ex changes of soldiers, etc., that they trespass seriously on the space we need for matters of interest to all of our readers. The notes, on the other hand, can be of interest to but very few. We have decided, therefore, to make a moderate charge for the insertion of these requests, which will reimburse us for the cost of composition, though not for the space occupied. *Therefore after this date all matters of this kind to secure insertion must not exceed 20 words in length, including address and all—and must be accompanied by 50 cents.* As this is less than one-third our usual advertising rates, its privileges will be confined wholly to subscribers of the BLADE, for whose accommodation it is instituted, and non-subscribers to the paper, including general advertisers, will not be admitted under any circumstances. Below we give some of the matters that will hereafter be placed under this head.

Remember the terms: 50 cents for a single insertion, of not to exceed 20 words. The money to accompany the order, or no attention will be paid it. It must also come from a *bona-fide* subscriber to the BLADE:

WANTED—Address of Sergt Warren A. Lybbe, of Co. A, 13th Wisconsin Volunteers. Last known somewhere in Ohio. S. W. Dickinson, Callfornia, Mich.

WANTED—The address of any of the officers or privates of the 4th O. V. I., who were present when I lost my horse at Arnolds Court House, Va. Chas. C. Callahan, Effingham, Atchison Co., Kan.

MRS. MARY DE, Clinton, Iowa, requests Mrs. J. Y. Vanvectin, whose postoffice she does not know, to send peafowl feathers to above address.

"MAY FLOWERS."

Terrific Storms and Floods in Dakota—

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

XXVI.

Care of the Feet.

It would be interesting to know how many persons of those whom one meets in walking the streets of a City, are moving with perfect ease, corn-less, bunion-less, with joints and cords in perfect order, whose shoes do not pinch or hurt in any way, in short, who are not conscious that they have feet even while depending upon them for locomotion. I venture to say the number would not exceed one in a hundred, and perhaps it would not even reach that. Instead of being simply a means of pleasure, their pedal extremities are sources of pain.

The reason is obvious. From the time a child begins to walk his feet are cramped in shoes too small for him, or which fit vilely. The most careful mother rarely perceives the necessity of precaution in this direction, of seeing that they are broad enough for the foot to spread out naturally and easily, and yet not so large and clumsy as to rub back and forth every step that is taken. The complaint of a hurting shoe is not considered an important one, and children are often philosophers enough to accept what they think is inevitable, and forget pain in the pleasure of play. Nevertheless, trouble is beginning, and no sligh one, either, as all who have suffered tortures from corns and bunions will readily confess. The pain from one of these is more intense often than that attending a severe attack of illness, and is sufficient to put to flight the patience of the most enduring of mortals. And it might all be prevented.

It is of the utmost importance that both shoes and stockings be made to fit smoothly and easily. The stockings should not be so large as to have folds and wrinkles in them to press upon the tender skin. Usually those of little ones are knit or bought a little too large, for fear they will outgrow them. This is cruel. Have fewer in number so that they will wear out sooner. Have the shoes made of soft leather or kid, and broad enough to let the foot rest in a natural position, just as it does when uncovered. Then the toes will not be squeezed up against each other, so that they sometimes overlap, and corns, etc., will not be known. Nor should children be compelled, while their feet are growing, to wear coarse, heavy, awkward shoes. They will give them a stumbling, ungraceful walk, from which it will be hard to recover. Better let them go barefoot during all the Summer months, if economy demands one or the other.

"All that is very well," says some one, "but what about those of us who are children no longer, and are hobbling about in anguish from corns and bunions already here?"

I give you exactly the same advice with regard to your shoes and stockings. How many of you wear shoes that are perfectly comfortable from the first? Now, honor bright! Don't let pride come into the answer at all. How many can put your feet squarely down upon the ground in your shoes and feel no tightness or constraint? How many can walk a mile in new shoes without limping? It is a nice thing to have pretty feet, but if nature hasn't given them to you, you won't help the matter by making corns and bunions, and ruining your gait. If she has, it is a shame to try to improve upon her handiwork, and you simply cannot do it. The result will only be destruction and misery.

I have said nothing about high heels, but common sense can dispose of them quickly. They throw the body out of its natural position, strain the back, push the feet forward upon the toes and are an unmitigated evil. A low, broad heel is the only thing fit to wear, and any woman out of her teens who will permit herself to put on the high French heels is simply idiotic. Younger than that, such folly may be excused in her. Girls of that age, feeling that youth and elasticity will last always, do many things they would not later.

Now to the corn question. They are formed by long continued abnormal pressure and are merely layers of dry skin with a central point of hardening. Pressed upon, this point is forced down upon the nerves of the true skin and produces exquisite torture. A thousand and one remedies are offered, many of them very good, but none effecting a permanent cure. Frankly, I do not believe there is anything that can be relied upon to do this after the corn has been a companion of several years' standing. But they can be treated in such a way as to bring great relief, and one of the best modes is as follows: Pare the corn carefully with a sharp knife, taking care not to cut in so as to draw blood. Then rub it over with a stick of nitrate of silver or with nitric acid. This will take off more of the hard skin in a few days. Get some adhesive plaster and cut in narrow strips, not more than the sixteenth of an inch wide. Build a collar up cob-house fashion around the corn until it is high enough to keep all pressure away. Then wear the kind of shoes I have recommended and the monster will cease troubling you, for a time at least. If it returns again, the operation must be repeated. A soft corn can also be treated with nitrate of silver or nitric acid after the thickened skin is removed, altho the first application is much more painful. After it is put on place a piece of soft cotton or linen between the toes, so that the air will reach the corn. In a few days a layer of skin can be taken off. A second application is generally all that is needed. Be careful not to make that too soon after the first.

Bunions are inflammations of the great toe joint and exceedingly painful. When they are very bad they need careful treatment by a physician. Sometimes, however, relief can be obtained by bathing them in something to allay the fever, as arnica or Pond's Extract, keeping off all pressure meanwhile, and then surrounding them with a ring of adhesive plaster, as I advised in the case of the corns. They will not get well so long as there is any direct pressure upon them.

Another evil is ingrowing nails, caused by wearing narrow-soled shoes and high heels. The full weight of the body is thrown upon the toes, and as a consequence the nail cuts its way into the flesh, enlargens and thickens, while often granulations spring up at the side. Take a narrow, thin blade, without any sharp edge, and putting over the end a little cotton, work it down between the granulations and the nail and force it under the edge. Then step upon the ball of the toe, and if there is no pain leave the cotton there. Take a fine camel's hair brush, and put a dressing of nitric acid upon the granulations. By and by there will be a layer of dead skin ready to fall off, when it must be removed and the cotton changed. Repeat this until the nail has time to grow out in a normal manner. The nails should be always cut squarely across the top.

One more thing with respect to these extremities, and a very important one it is, remains to be said. There is no part of the body so liable to smell offensively as the feet. Their covering is close, and their perspiration often excessive. They should be washed off every day and rubbed thoroly until perfectly dry. A little ammonia in the water is a most excellent thing. Then the stockings should be changed often. A good way is to turn them wrong side out at night and expose them to the air. Too great care cannot be taken in this matter. People's feet sometimes become diseased, and an absolute stench proceeds from them. This might many times be entirely prevented if proper precautions were observed. In such cases they should frequently be bathed off with alcohol, put often in hot water and rubbed vigorously, while, if necessary, the stockings should be changed twice a day. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure always, and a proper care of the feet will be very likely to prevent their ever becoming offensive. They should indeed be always as sweet and clean as any other part of the body.

Fancy Work and House Decorations.

Breakfast Cap in Hairpin or Staple Lace.—Directions for the stitch have been given twice recently. Make as directed of cream-tinted or white linen thread. The crown may be made by circular loopings, commencing in the center, or lengthwise commencing at one side. Make the crown large, as in mob styles now much worn, and let one panel pass entirely around after finishing the straight ones and looping together. Loop one panel to the crown by taking eight or 10 loops of the crown to three of this one, and pass entirely around. This gathers in the edge of the crown to the front piece. Loop two panels entirely around, and as many others as desired, the length of the front leaving the fringe untied or loose as it slips off the staple. Line with black for an elderly lady, and draw narrow velvet (black) ribbons through the openings at the crown and front edge, with a full velvet bow and loops on the left side. For a young lady line with bright silk and trim with ribbons to match the lining. Very pretty and inexpensive.—LIBBIE RANSOM, Randall Road, May Co., N. Y.

A Pretty Scrap Bag—Is made by taking four pieces of Java canvass a quarter of a yard deep; cut the corners off so that the pieces shall be pointed at the bottom and rounding at the top. If of blue all-wool Java, work in embroidery silk a pretty design on each piece, a fan on one, a Kate Greenway figure on another, in bright colors, yellow and pink being especially pretty. In order to have a guide to work by, trace the design on some thin paper, baste this to the canvas, and after working the lines pull the paper carefully out; then with worsted the color of the canvas crochet one or two rows of close work around each piece and crotchet them together; finish with a cord and two tassels, and have either a ribbon to hang it by, or another cord or two tassels, or a cord alone.—*Ed.*

Three Strand Braid.—Some one asked in the BLADE a few weeks ago how to knit a three-stranded braid in a mitten. I knit it nicely in this way: Take 9 stitches, with purled stitches on each side. Take the first 3 of the 9 off on a hairpin (having the hairpin outside the mitten), knit the second 3, and put those taken off back on the needle and knit across plain. Then knit 4 rounds plain, and repeat the first 3 stitches, take the second 3 on hairpin, (leaving it inside the mitten), knit the last three and put those taken off on the needle and knit. Then knit 4 rounds plain, and repeat the directions. Keep purled stitches on each side all the way.

"Animas Valley" asked in the BLADE of April 19 how to use ammonia in her washings. We take 1 part ammonia and 2 of turpentine, and put 1 tablespoonful in 1 qt. of soft soap. By soaking clothes 20 minutes in the suds made with the soap and boiling them the same length of time in it, we think it is an advantage to us. If you try it, please tell us how you like it.—LUCY LOOKET, Tiffin, O.

Home Work.—My bay-window was very pretty. I bought eight cracker boxes; they are 22 by 13½ inches. Place them on end, one on either side of the window, a few inches back from the casing. Then get a shoe box that will just fit on them, making a table; then stack the other boxes above, leaving the open side to form a cupboard on either side of the window. Take cloth and tack it from the window to the outer edge of the box. Cover the whole with paper like the room. Put a curtain in front of the open shoe box, and finish the rest to please yourself. I put wire brackets for house plants in mine. I had a tinner make them for me. Take strong wire and bend it up one inch; then bend it outward and upward about six inches; then make a ring the size you want; wind the wire around the brace wire and then carry straight, about 4½ inches. Bend upward one inch, put two screw eyes in the wall, pinch the brace wires together enough to slip the ends into the screw eyes, and you will have a good, strong bracket, that will cost only 10 cents.

I finished some of mine with French cardboard, a narrow band, with pictures pasted on; one in my work window was square and finished very finely to hold a work box, another were hanging brace held a shelf below the window. I had many pretty things of my own work, but on the 12th of this month our home burned down and many of our household goods burned, among them was my hotted and incubator, so I cannot tell you if they were a success. —ALLIE.

Diamond Lace.—Cast on 17 stitches and knit back plain. First row—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o twice—n—remainder plain. 2nd row—s 1—k 8—p 1—knit remainder plain. 3rd row—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—remainder plain. 4th row—s 1—remainder plain. 5th row—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o twice—n—o twice—n—remainder plain. 6th row—s 1—k 7—p 1—k 2—p 1—remainder plain. 7th row—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—remainder plain. 8th row—s 1—remainder plain. 9th row—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o twice—n—o twice—n—o twice—n—remainder plain. 10th row—s 1—k 7—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—remainder plain. 11th row—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—remainder plain. 12th row—s 1—k 1—throw slipped stitch over knitted one; continue this until only 16 remain on left needle, which are knitted plain, then commence at first row.—INVALID DAISY.

Correspondence.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

O, lovers of beauty, come roam in the wildwood
When the treasures of Spring-time are breaking their chains,
When the glow of the sunbeams seems vieing with rains,
To make the earth smile o'er its Winter of pains;
We'll see the rare gems that so blessed us in childhood—
'Tis a delicate flower, with the tint of a shell,
And a fragrance that binds with its magical spell,
As if nectarine charms were hid in its cell;
And when we have found it you'll never dispute us,
But joining with us, in a rapture will tell,
The gem of the forest is Trailing Arbutus.

Come, join in the search, over hillside and dingle,
When the bobolink sings, and the robin is gay,
When the sepens are lining with their tassels of gray,
And the maple's red blossoms are strewn in the way;
Whether blooming in masses, or trailing off single,
You'll impulsively kneel, in excess of delight,
When these idyls of beauty first beam on your sight.

Then drinking their sweets with intoxicate bliss,
Accept as a truth, and you'll never dispute us,
But add your assurance, notwithstanding this,
The gem of the forest is Trailing Arbutus.

Its home in the woodland, its beauty enhances—
By the fine, leaping fount of a clear, embowered stream,
Or 'mong rocks of a dell, peeps its pale starry gleam,
While its floating perfume, like a ravishing dream,
Makes the wood where it blossoms like a fairy land seem;
Thro' its mystical charm, that so sweetly entrances,
The glint of the sunlight, with shadows at play,
Seem the dance of the Sylvans with Naid and Fay.
Ay, sire of Anemone, Lotus or Rose,—
All Flora's wild treasures—you'll never refute us,
On highland or lowland, wherever it grows,
The gem of the forest is Trailing Arbutus.

PETRESIA PETERS.

REPLY TO "LYDIA."—Though very much stupefied by hard work on the farm I must rally to reply to "Some Thoughtful Words from Lydia," in the BLADE of April 19. No doubt she was perfectly right about the pages in *her* history and I was right about *mine*, and therefore gave no mistaken reference. But this is of very little importance compared with the weighty questions: "Where would they stand spiritually?" "What must become of all those good and great men—the great philanthropists and moral philosophers, who, for conscience sake, could hardly do a wrong?

If, in answering these questions with reason and Bible, I should not follow the beaten path of error which leads to the most astonishing slander of true Christianity and the character of the great mind that is supremely wise and good, the Editor would probably be overwhelmed with letters upon the subject, and the kindly disposed to give all a chance to place their views before correspondents and the public, would be utterly unable to do so, and therefore desires to be excused from trying. But for this, I would like to show "McDonald" and "Avalanche" that the Bible does not indorse polygamy and drunkenness. When friends of the Bible misrepresent it, what wonder if its enemies do the same! An eminent divine has said: "Not so many men are infidels as think they are." I would place by the side of this: "And not so many are believers in the real teaching of the Bible as think they are." Construction of Bible which the "infidel" cannot receive, if corrected would present to his mind truth, beautiful and sublime, and to which the "faith" is blind.

Now comes the oft-repeated question: Why is not the inspired truth of the Bible all made plain to everybody? I answer in Yankee style: Why is not the great book of Nature all made plain to everybody? Here I am charmed with the beautiful field of thought that opens to my view, but limited time and space will not allow me to say more. How reluctantly I forsake. How splendid, how sublime the truth to be found by pushing on. I indulge the fond hope that circumstances will not always hamper my pen.

If "Lydia" will please send her address I will try to answer her question.

A gentleman writes from Corvallis, Benton County, asking Bible questions which I would cheerfully answer, but cannot until he sends me his name.—L. S. BARKER, Pittsford, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

COUNTRY LIFE.—Having lived in the country, and knowing something about country life, I can not let "Wife of a Good Husband's" letter pass without remarks. My father is a daily laborer. We get up early Summer and Winter, generally eat breakfast by lamp light. I think the "Wife of a Good Husband" knows but little about country life; farmers wives and daughters are not like City wives and daughters. As I am a farmers daughter I know something about out door exercise. We live two miles from town, one mile from the church, and we always walk. Don't you call that out-door exercise? and besides there is work on the farm. As I have no brothers my mother, sister and I have to help father.

When I was small I knew mother to work out all week and do the washing, ironing, churning, baking and scrubbing after night. The next week she was ready to go to work again. When sister and I got large enough we went to the field with them to work. There is work on the farm yet; and we all have to help do it. Think of going to the corn field day after day. Then the tobacco must be tended or it will be entirely devoured. Those who have cultivated the tobacco plant know it must be tended each day or they will not come out conquers.

We have tried all such work, and now this is not all. Think of going to the harvest fields in August and working all day, and the barns must be filled. Besides those things I have named, there are rocks to be taken from the fields before they can be tilled, and a great many more, such as picking brush, roots, hauling rails, and then, if you can get any spare time, pick up your bucket and go to gather berries three-quarters of a mile from your house, carry them home and can them for Winter use. Can you think broken-down farmers' wives need out-door exercise, or do not go six rods from their own door for weeks at a time? Does "Wife of a Good Husband" think farmers' wives and daughters live in large brick or frame houses and grow in the shadow of them? We live in a large house, but we did not grow in the shadow of it. Try all those things as we have, and a great many more I have not named, and your house work—then where is the time for planting flowers, reading libraries, etc.? —CORN HUSKS.

ANOTHER WAY.—I have been much interested in the different ways of washing clothes by some of the ladies who write to the HOUSEHOLD. If you think it worth trying, a good, old-fashioned way is this. I have had much experience and find it the best to first wash the clothes in one water and put them into the boiler with cold water and a bit of washing soda. You can either soap the clothes before putting in, or pare little bits in. I keep all little pieces to use up in this way. Only let them come to a boil and rinse them out in bluing water. You will have nice, clean clothes. You can add more soda to coarser articles, such as towels. Don't put clothes into boiling water.—M. H. S., Portsmouth, N. Y.

THIS AND THAT.—Let me tell "Mrs. C. E." that panel lace, either silk, linen, or zephyr is nice for a baby's hood. Make six or eight rows and put together, and then four for the back, and shape it to suit yourself, and crochet lace around the whole. Can draw ribbon through to make it look well and hold the shape better. Line this with vailing for a young baby, or for cold weather. A linen one lined will do for Winter, and unlined and trimmed with ribbon will do well for Summer wear.

Was well pleased with "Mocking Bird's" article, and would like to correspond with her. May be I could give her a call, but think I will not drop in just at it but get there either in time to have my "name in the pot," or get dinner before going, for I think the Golden Rule comes in as regards visiting, "Do as you wish to be done by."

I am not easily put off of my balance when visitors or callers come, but still I have known times when visitors arrived just as we were ready to sit down and only enough on the table for two, that just as soon as the "How do you do" was said, my thought was, "What else can I get for dinner?" Of course, any housekeeper can soon get up a little more and extra, but still it is an unpleasant feeling at the time.

What do the ladies say of boys playing "keeps" for marbles? Ought it to be allowed, or is it laying a foundation for gambling, as I have heard it expressed? Is it luck or skill in the game? Would like to have some of those good mothers give their opinions, as my boys of 7 and 9 are playing marbles all of their leisure time, but are too cowardly to play keeps, for fear of losing pretty ones.

I wish to tell all our butter-making ladies that a fine, rye pasture is far better than carrots for coloring butter, and, I should think, much less trouble.

If the sisters will try the German plan of baking pies they will find they have something even good enough for an American dyspeptic; that is, take good yeast, the same as for bread dough, a cupful of butter, one egg, and salt, and mix with milk not quite as stiff as bread dough, then let it rise, and afterward roll out very thin, put on pie plates and let rise again, then spread fruit and sugar on, let bake. You will find you have a wholesome pie, not soppy and solid, but nice and spongy and good. Bake twice a week, when baking bread, and it is not any extra work when you have good yeast. But now I close, for you will think me rather—A DUTCHY.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.—I see so much inquiry about cranberry culture I thought I would reply to some of them. I have had some experience in raising cranberries. To raise them moist land is needed. Sand is the best; gray or white muck will do. If it can be flooded all the better. Set out the vines in May or June. You can set out in the Fall. It depends on the condition of the land. Set them out in rows two feet apart each way is a very good distance. Get the vines if you can with some roots on them. They will grow without any root. As to yield, it depends upon the care they get. They will yield from 150 to 400 bushels per acre; 150 is a good yield. It will cost from $200 to $800 per acre to fit the ground and set out.—A. A. SKINNER.

ANOTHER.—May I come in and "speak in meetin'" to-day, as I feel impressed that I have something to say. "Peggy" says she "feels it her duty to give us her experience to the HOUSEHOLD, so do I, and I want to say a word in regard to her washing. Did she put the clothes in cool water, well soaped, and bring to a boil, and stir or punch down a number of times, till they boiled 20 minutes? This has been my way of washing for 10 years, and I have never had the doleful experience she speaks of, and I am willing to hang my clothes side by side with those washed in the old way. I had a young lady friend staying with me last Summer, and when washday came, she looked perfectly terror-struck to see the clothes go into the boiler dirty, but after one trial, she confessed to being converted. Try again "Peggy," I know it is a good way.

"Little Bridget" asks, "What will make clothes white, that have yellowed by lying?" Put them in a crock, after having wet them thoroughly, of sour butter milk, and let them stand one week, no matter how sour they may smell, taking care that they stay under the milk, then take out, rinse well before washing and they will be white, and no harm done to them.—FLOY, Napoleon, Mich.

A FEW WORDS.—I will give little "Bridget" a few suggestions in cake baking. First, be sure that your ingredients are first-class. You need not expect good cake if rancid butter and poor eggs are used. Have refined flour, coffee sugar. Sift the flour, add it last. If only the whites of the eggs are used, they should be thoroly beaten; then add the butter melted to the consistency of cream. Use good cream of tartar and soda dissolved in warm milk or water. Sour milk should not be used, as it makes cake coarse. Heat thoroly before putting in the pan. Have the oven well heated, but not too hot. If a fruit cake it should be baked slowly. Experience is needed in becoming a No. 1 cake-baker, so if you do not at first succeed, try again. You will find some good, reliable recipes in the BLADE.

Your clothes that are yellow by lying, will become whitened by the use of soapine, which you can get at any store at 15 cents per pound. I have used it for the past year, and think it saves labor and keeps clothes nice and white. I would suggest to "Peggy" to try it. She did have a hard time, trying that Kansas woman's way of washing; but don't be discouraged, there is nothing like experience.

"I concur with "Miss," in home adornment.

Come again, "W. S. Frazier." I like your pieces, especially the spirit that is manifest in them. Long life and success to you.—EM.

A WORD FOR THE TEACHERS.—Please, may I speak in defence of the teachers? I am not one at present, but have been, and flatter myself a successful one.

"Oregon Housekeeper" said: "A patron dares not speak of a neglected duty, or suggest for the better, or have control of his own child."

It is the business of the school officers to speak of a neglected duty, and if a patron of my school had suggested another method I should have politely informed him that I was the teacher. Neither do I think a patron has any right to control his child during school hours. The scholars are under the teacher's control seven hours a day, and if he does not like the teacher's rule then he may keep his child at home.

"O. H." also said, "If a teacher is busy five hours in a school-room, when night comes he needs sleep. If he is up dancing and flirting two-thirds of the night then he is incapacitated from duty next day, is cross, impatient, and frequently goes to sleep during school hours. Who wants their children boxed and thrashed, scolded and worried because the teacher had been to a dance the night before? It surely is the business of the patrons of the school." Now, I never "boxed and thrashed, scolded and worried" my scholars, although I have attended dances three successive nights in a week, and never went to sleep in school hours either. Who ever heard of any one finding fault because a teacher sat up nearly all night preparing lessons and examinations, or correcting and marking written examinations? But they are all ready to take up arms against them if they spend a few hours of the night for their own pleasure.

"Housekeeper," I do not like housekeeping, but do not always wear a frown in consequence. "Contented Housekeeper," I commenced as you did, without any experience, and was two years younger when I was married, but did not begin housekeeping until one year later.

"Wife of G. H.," so you do not think "pie a necessity." I have kept house more than 16 months and never prepared dinner without pie or pudding and frequently both.

"Cynic," I am with you in more respects than one. I sincerely pity "Walnut Grove." I would not do for two hired men so my husband could sit in the house half days at a time. I am not troubled with entertaining chance acquaintances whom I dislike or to whom I am indifferent. And my rule is this: I never invite people to visit me who are not congenial to my taste, and never invite a chance acquaintance to call.

I will send some recipes, and do not think they are not good because I am a young housekeeper, for they are excellent.—DANCER.

FROM KANSAS.—Well, "Peggie," I am sorry you have had such a bad time with your clothes. I tried the "Kansas way" and pronounce it a success. I followed directions with the exception of adding a spoonful of turpentine and five minutes turning the clothes before they begin to boil. Do not let the clothes boil too long as the dirt will stay in if you do. Instead of making my clothes yellow they are getting whiter every time I wash them. If there is a streak once in a while I do not mind it, as there used to be more when I rubbed two or three hours and tired myself out. Try again, "Peggie," and see if you do not have better success.

One would think, if they did not know, that there was a mistake in some one's letter to the BLADE about Kansas. "Can Sass" was evidently from this, the Western part of the State. This country was never intended for anything but stock. Where there is no herd law cattle will live the year around without feed or shelter except what Nature provides. We are drifting into a stock country as fast as possible; those that are bound to farm are going to a place that will yield a crop once in four years any way, while the people that stay know they have to keep stock or starve, and prefer the stock. But while "Kansas" letter applied to this part of the State in no way applies to the Eastern part. There they raise everything that heart can wish, and more too.—NINA NIVEB, Larned, Kans.

SOME FACTS.—I read an article in the HOUSEHOLD some time ago, which aroused feelings of indignation, yet followed by the conviction that the sentiment expressed comes nearly being the true state of affairs. The writer says (and, I imagine, in a tone of contempt): "I presume that Nature meant that woman should be perverse, else why is she so?" Now, I claim this very perversity has, in more instances than one, been the element which has saved her from utter ruin. Not being a woman, he can never know the temptations and snares laid for her innocent feet, when perversity of nature helped her finer sense of honor until they were the victors. O! vanquished man!

It is only woman's nature to want love, caresses and appreciation, to consider man a king, made in God's own image, to be trusted and loved, and many trust to their sorrow.

I think but very few women like to domineer and rule, unless their lives have been embittered. They like to be loving and true. They like to submit their ideas and opinions to a better judgment than their own. Has it ever occur to you, this love and trust might be outraged and trampled upon; making of them slaves mere tools of convenience which sensitive natures will not long survive? Love will die, respect will have flown, and who would wish a wife whose sole obligation was —duty?

Now we are pure ourselves we are apt to consider all with whom we associate pure. We form our estimation of people and things by what they are to us. Hence, if "Doc." is a physician, as the abbreviation would indicate, his profession gives him unlimited opportunities for testing woman's fidelity. And there are women endowed with accomplishments, beauty and grace, whom society accepts par excellence, yet who are destitute of all those finer attributes which Wordsworth defines as "The finest sense of justice which the human mind can frame" who would not hesitate to use their fascination and charms to break the vows of fidelity between man and wife.

If all women were as God intended they should be, pure and true, men many more times would be what they ought, and "Doc," (being a physician) having a natural weakness in common with all men, has based his ideas upon this foundation. I think he has acknowledged the "influence to animalize." Then again he says: "Oh woman! God made thee to temper man and manage him etc." If man is so much of a brute he won't be humanized, how can they do it? I have known girls to marry with just that same thought. Did they succeed? No, not they. If they remonstrated with their husbands for unseemly habits (because they loved him) he, poor dear, was terribly hen-pecked; he preferred to exercise his own freedom; and the timid little wife, deprived of the social influence of home and friends, keeping house all alone the day through must yet stay at home in the evening, because husband can't deny his jolly fellows up town his jolly company, and the conversation being that highly interesting all-absorbing subject, "Woman," discussed in the lowest terms.

Let us exercise a little charity. We comprehend as we receive light. "Doc" let us have your criticism. "Ethel"—thanks. I are glad to know my efforts are appreciated.—DESIDERIO.

THOSE WHO ENDURE.—I wish all the tired and worried housekeepers of the BLADE and world, too, would read what I read a few years ago in a scrap from an old newspaper that a friend sent me in a letter. It comforts me every time I think of it. A portion of it is as follows:

"There is entire hopelessness to many women in the blank monotony of life after youth is past. An emotional nature, mercurial and restless, full of aspirations and longings, as the trees this perfect month are full of blossoms, and like the trees, bearing a thousand blossoms to one fruition, finds the destiny prepared for it almost unendurable, and often longs for death that shall end all. Because poverty grinds, and hosts of menial duties accumulate, because the walls of an unquiet home, made unlovely, perhaps, by skeletons that no skill can quite conceal, close like a dungeon upon hope and all the sweet promises of wealth, bright natures grow morose and bitter, and sunny brows darken under the cloud of almost perpetual irritability and discontent. It is useless to preach sermons to such cases—as useless as to read a book of etiquet in a prison yard, or comfort the victims of a railroad disaster with a treatise upon reform in the management of the road.

"The worn, the wasted, the erring and the cruelly maimed lie thick about us. Our business is to encourage, to love, to bind up and cheer. God in his own time shall lift the discontented head above the power of fate—letting them soak a few minutes, I think she will find it more effectual in removing dirt than ammonia. I have tried both. Let me know if you like it.—HELENA.

Please tell "Novice" that I have studied phonography two years and am very much interested in it, and if he or she wishes to correspond with me, to address—MINNIE B., Box 737, Newark O.

Tell "Poor Tired Mother" to get the pure pine tar; part in hard about one-third, as the pure tar is too severe. Make a cap to fit the head. Take a piece of thin muslin, spread with the tar. Double together so as to have the tar between the muslin; lay over the sore and tie on the cap. Let the child wear it night and day until cured. I have cured three of my own children the same way.—A MOTHER.

I should like to say to "Viola," an Ohio girl, that she can make a good living in the country of Paradise, Dak., especially in cities, but stands a better chance of getting married. — FRANK A. MONTE, Auburn, Dakota.

Please say to "Em S. Earle" to get white oil cloth and tack in the sleeves of her dresses and it will protect them from perspiration. Make what are known as sweat-pads.

I will tell "E. S." my way of piecing worsted quilt: Cut diamonds any size you like; set together so as to run in strips up and down the bed; make so as to form a box and a star with a light dark and light dark blocks, three to form one block. If this is not plain write to me and I will send pattern.—DIAMOND.

Please tell "I. A. L.," box 216, Greenfield, Iowa, to address the publishers, Messrs. Fowler & Wells, 753 Broadway, New York, for Mrs. E. R. Shepherd's "Book for Girls," price $1, and the work on "Home Treatment" price 50 cents, postpaid. Also the same to "Mrs. S. A. R." Sedan, Kan., in regard to Mrs. E. R. Shepherd's "Book for Girls."—MRS. GRACE H. KNIPERS, Holland, Mich.

To kill worms in plants, try strong soapsuds from soft soap poured on. It will also enrich the ground. Try and report.

To raise peanuts get them at a peanut store before they are roasted, shuck them and plant them like beans. Keep the vines from rooting in when they commence running; cover each blossom.

Many thanks to "Handy Andy" for verses—they are good.—GRANGER.

Noticing a request for a cure for the tobacco habit, I thought perhaps one I noticed in the New York *Weekly Tribune* might be of use to some, so I send it, hoping it may do some good. "K. M." writes: "My mother, who has smoked for 40 years, was cured by the following. She now enjoys excellent health. I think the chewing habit may be cured in the same way: Soak one pound of tobacco in water 24 hours and dry it in the sun. Soak the next pound 24 hours, and after changing the water, 24 hours more, and then dry. Soak longer every time, until there is scarcely any strength left in it. Smoke as usual for four or six months, and then begin to break off. The desire will gradually leave you".—W. A. WESCOTT, Wausemon, Wis.

In reply to "Whirlwind's" question if a dry tenon would become tight in a green mortice, I say yes, for the reason that timber shrinks by seasoning, and the mortice shrinks with it. To illustrate, take green oak and dress four inches thick and put a two-inch mortice through it, then season it well, and you will have timber 3⅞ inches thick and a mortice 1⅞.—H. S. MARVIN, Dalton, Lin Co., N. Y.

Recipes.

Cure for Scald Head.—Seeing an inquiry for a cure for scald head, I would say to all thus afflicted, make a corn meal pudding the same as for eating, salt and all, and spread over the scab, being sure it is thoroly covered, and after 10 or 12 hours remove the poultice, when the scab will lift easily without making the head bleed. Then make a salve of one tablespoonful fresh lard, and sufficient carbolic acid (or oil of smoke) to make it of the consistency of thick cream. It is done by mixing well. Anoint two or three times a day. The sore should be well cleased with warm water and castile soap before applying the ointment. Do not use calomel under any circumstances.—MRS. R. S. JACOBS.

Three-Ply Cake.—One cup of white sugar, 1½ cups of flour, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful of butter, ¾ cup of sweet milk, 2 even teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Sponge Cake.—One level teacup of flour, 1 cup of sugar, 3 eggs, 1 heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, 4 teaspoonfuls of milk.—AUNT DOLLIE.

Potato Yeast.—Three good sized potatos grated, a handful of hops scalded in 2 qts. of water. Pour boiling water on potatos, ½ cupful each of sugar and salt. When cool add yeast. Not necessary to add salt when setting sponge. Warranted to be good.

Potato Salad—Take cold boiled potatos, cut in small pieces; add 2 common sized onions sliced, salt, pepper and a little mustard, about ½ pt. of vinegar; garnish with four hard boiled eggs; a few slices of pickled beets are very nice with it. This is very nice for supper in warm weather.—ADAH.

Tapioca Pudding.—Soak 1 cup tapioca in 1 pint milk over night; add 1 pint milk and cook on the stove until it jellies; add 1 pint milk, 1 cup sugar, 2 well beaten eggs, 3 tablespoonfuls butter, a little salt, flavor with lemon or vanilla and bake in a slow oven.

Mock Mince Pie.—Eight large crackers rolled fine, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup dried currants, ½ cup boiled cider, 1½ teaspoonfuls cinnamon, and 1 teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice. This makes two pies.—MRS. H. W. PIKE, Watkins, N. Y.

A Cure for Chilblains.—Turpentine, sweet oil and beeswax in equal parts. Melt the beeswax and sweet oil together and when partly cold pour in the turpentine.—MISS CARRIE CAMPBELL, Douglass, Butler Co., Kan.

Washing Fluid.—Take one box of concentrated lye, 2 ozs. of gum ammonia, 2 ozs. of salts of tartar. Put this into 3 gals. of water. Let it dissolve, then jug it up tight. Put your clothes to soak over night, then rinse them out, and to a boiler half full of water, put over a half pint of the fluid and make a good soap suds. Put your clothes in and let them boil for 15 minutes. Take them out and pour cold water on them and may be you will have to rub some of them on the board, but not many. The colored clothes should be put into this suds and let them stand 10 or 15 minutes. They do not have to soak over night. Rub them on the board, but they are easy to wash. I would like to hear how the persons likes it that tries it.—MRS. W. B. H.

Our Young Folks

For the Blade Young Folks.

ROVER.

BY TWO LITTLE GIRLS, 12 AND 14 YEARS OF AGE.

Kind old Rover,
Bring me clover,
Bring me chestnuts,
Garlands gay;
Bring me flowers
From the bowers,
Bring the stick
I throw away.

Nice old Rover,
Jumping over
Logs and briers,
Hedges high;
Bounding over
Moss and clover,
After bumblebees
That fly.

Dear old Rover,
Rolling over,
Sleeping, hidden
By grass high;
Rolling over
Bees and clover,
Over bending
Flowers by.

My old Rover,
Let me over,
Get my bonnet,
And away;
We'll go over
To the clover,
Where the men
Are making hay.

DAN'S SHIP.

BY ELIOT M'CORMICK.

"Who can tell what coming people are aboard the ships that may be sailing to us now from the unknown seas?"—DICKENS.

I.

"Will you please show me the way to the steerage?"

It was a timid little voice that asked the question, and an anxious little face that looked up into the faces of the group of passengers around the forward companion-way of the steamer Sahara. The ship had just weighed anchor, and was slowly steaming down the river Mersey on her passage across the Atlantic. It was a chill December afternoon, and most of the passengers had already gone below. Among the few who remained on deck was a little girl, hardly more than eight years old, who did not seem to have any one with her, and who had for some time been glancing shyly at her fellow travelers, as if to invite their protection.

"Will you please show me the way to the steerage?" she asked again.

A kindly looking woman took it on herself to speak.

"Why, to be sure," she said; "the steerage is right down these stairs. But where's your mamma?" she asked, curiously.

The tears came into the child's eyes.

"My mamma is dead," she faltered.

"You poor child!" exclaimed the woman, sympathetically. "But who takes care of you?"

The little girl looked up wonderingly.

"Why, I take care of myself," she said; "I'm all alone."

"And did they let you go to America that way?"

"There was no one to hinder," the child replied, "and there wasn't anywhere else to go. Mamma bought my ticket before she died. If she hadn't done that I must have gone to the work-house."

A little murmur of interest went through the group.

"And where are you going?" the woman asked, "when you get to the States?"

The child drew aside her little shawl.

"There it is," she said, pointing to a piece of white muslin that was sewed to her dress; "mamma put that there before she died. She said I never could pronounce the name of the place, and so she'd write it down for me. The trouble is," she added, as though she ought to apologize for not being able to pronounce it, "it's got eight syllables, and I never went beyond three in school.

The woman bent over and studied the placard.

"What does it say?" some one asked.

"Well," she said, after a moment, "I ain't much of a scholar, and I can't read the name of the place any more than the little girl herself. It's one of those red Indian names that they have over there. But the child is Myra Church, and it goes on to ask if those whom she meets will do a kindness to a dying mother by helping her on her long journey. Ay, lass," she exclaimed, heartily, taking the child's hand in her own, "we'll do that."

The people who stood around nodded approvingly.

"And is the person you're going to," the woman went on, "any of your kin?"

"She's my mother's cousin," the child explained. "There was nobody else to take me."

"And does your cousin know you're coming?"

Myra shook her head.

"She doesn't know anything about me at all," she said: "she doesn't even know that mamma is dead. There wasn't time to write a letter. I'm afraid she won't be very glad to see me," the child added, pitifully. "I wish there was some other place."

The woman had her own fears about the warmth of Myra's welcome, but she did not express them.

"Ah, well!" she said, consolingly, "don't borrow trouble. I dare say it will all come out all right. Perhaps some other place will turn up."

Myra's lips quivered, but she did not speak.

"At any rate," the woman continued, "you're here, and the only thing to do is to keep on until you come to America. It won't be so bad when you once get started."

The ship by this time was well under way; the shore was rapidly receding, and Myra had turned to look over the bow in the direction of the New World to which she was going.

"If I only knew," she murmured, "that there was some one who wanted me on the other side."

The woman laid her large arm tenderly on the frail little arm.

"Mind this, now," she said; "whether your cousin wants you or not, there's many another who would be glad to have a little girl like you. Don't fret any more about it, and I'll find you a place near mine to sleep."

Myra followed her new friend below, a good deal encouraged by the woman's cheering words. The other people in the steerage received her quite as cordially, and before long the little girl was very much at home in her narrow and dimly lighted quarters. Fortunately, though the sea

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc. Communications should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Insect Powder Plant.

PYRETHRUM ROSEUM.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

There seems to be a great interest taken in this new plant, though there is not much knowledge in regard to its cultivation. I will give what little experience I have had with it, and, in order to complete my article, I copy something from a circular issued by the Department of Agriculture in reference to pyrethrum.

There are two species of this plant, *pyrethrum roseum* and *pyrethrum cinerariæfolium*, but as my experience has been confined to the roseum, I will devote my article to it. This plant is very easily grown, and should be managed nine. This Winter a year ago, I bought one ounce of seed for $1, and as I did not know anything about the cultivation of the plant, I concluded to try several ways; so I sowed some in boxes very early in the house, and some in a cold frame a little later, and the rest I sowed in the open ground on the 27th of March.

The seed that was sown in the cold frame did not come up for six weeks. That sown in boxes came up in three weeks, and that sown in the open ground sprouted in two weeks. Now, as the last method proved to be the best with me, I will tell you how I managed it. This plan was taken from Peter Henderson's "Practical Floriculture," and is the very best way to start seeds: Before spading your ground give it a good coat of black leaf mold from the woods; then spade your ground deep and get this leaf mold thoroly mixed in with the earth and then rake it as fine as you can. Now pat it down with a smooth board until it is as smooth and level as it well can be; then sow the seed over the surface, distributing it evenly; then take a common kitchen sieve and sift just so much earth evenly over the seed as will cover it and no more; then take a watering pot with the finest kind of a rose, and shower the earth with it, spraying whenever the surface appears dry, and but few seeds will fail to germinate under such conditions. In a few weeks the plants will be large enough to transplant to 16 inches apart, and if well cultivated a good many of them will have flowers the first season, though the largest crop is always produced the second season. I also took notice that my plants did a great deal better in wet weather than dry. It is a very hardy plant. I succeeded in raising about 1,000 and these received no protection whatever during the Winter, and all of them came out all right. They are all at this writing, May 14, about 15 inches high, and almost ready to bloom. They make a very nice show. In order to manufacture the powder, the flower heads should be gathered during fine weather, when they are about to open; or at the time when fertilization takes place, as the essential oil that gives the insecticide qualities reaches, at this time, its greatest development. When the blossoming has ceased the stalks may be cut about four inches from the ground and utilized, being ground and mixed with the flowers in the proportion of one-third of their weight. Great care must be taken not to expose the flowers to moisture, or the rays of the sun, or still less to artificial heat. They should be dried under cover, and hermetically closed up in sacks or other vessels to prevent untimely putrifaction. The finer the flower-heads are powdered the more economical is its use. The best vessels for keeping the powder are fruit jars, with patent covers, or any other perfectly tight vessel or tin box.

FRANK MURPHY, Donnellsville, O.

Horticulture.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Sow celery in hot-beds the last of March or the first of April. Roll or press the seed into the ground. Cut the tops off once or twice to make them lunchier and more sound and strong. Dig trenches or plant them in in the open ground. If your ground is well drained put them in trenches dug about two feet deep. In setting out press the earth tight around the roots to exclude the air. This should be done in setting out any plants. When of suitable size you can commence to blanch them by drawing the loose dirt around them, taking care not to cover the heart of the plant. They should be ridged up in this manner once or twice a week, according to the rapidity of their growth. If your ground is not well drained, instead of planting in trenches, set plants in the open ground and cultivate on the above method, taking care to protect them from the sun a few days when set out. The reason I suggest that they should be planted in the open ground is this: If they are planted in the low ground the trenches in which the celery is planted is liable to be damp, causing the celery to have a rusty color and unhealthy taste.

In Winter dig a trench on some elevated place, then place the celery in an upright position, covering first with straw, and afterwards with boards. In using, take from one end and cover up well to exclude frost.

In sprouting peanuts in hotbeds take the hull off before planting, for if you do not they are very apt to rot.

In my first letter I said I would tell how to raise garden truck and also how to cook them, but I will retract what I said, thinking that if they are once raised that there is no difficulty in preparing them for the table. In conclusion, I would say to have an attractive garden, give it your attention, and let it abound in beautiful flowers.—S. SAVAGE, Sidney, O.

The Curculio.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In the issue of the BLADE of May 10th, L. D. Wise, Du Union, speaks of his plum trees blossoming every year, but as soon as the plum is maturing it falls off. The cause of this is the curculio. He should spread a white sheet—about the middle of the day—under the tree and give it a sudden jar, afterwards gathering up the insect and killing it. This should be kept up from the time the plum begins to form until the latter part of June—usually about 25 days. If he will follow this closely it will save him a crop of nice plums in the Fall for his trouble. He should also gather up the punctured plums and feed to hogs or burn them. There is nothing to be made in resorting to the use of offensive compounds to drive the curculio away, as this is impossible. So the only sure way of getting rid of him is to catch and kill him, and this manner of doing is the easiest, cheapest and quickest.—L. G. ENGLISH, Marysville, O.

How About Rye?

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

"Will wheat turn to chess?" I think this is the third time in 30 years I have seen the above question mooted and discussed. But I have never seen the question asked, "Will rye turn to chess?"

In my younger days I ran a custom mill in the State of New York. I have ground thousands of bushels of both rye and wheat that contained more or less chess, and I noticed that there was as marked a difference in the chess as there was in the two grains; the chess found with rye is always longer and slimmer than that found with wheat—a difference as distinct as there is in the two grains.

Now, will some of the "wise ones" tell me why these two varieties of chess have never become mixed—why the one has an affinity for rye, the other for wheat, unless both wheat and rye will turn to chess?—G. DONALDSON, Pleasant Valley, Iowa.

Information Wanted.

I have a fine three-year old horse that got carb in driving him through the mud. Will some one of the many readers of the BLADE tell me how to cure it, and to take it away entirely?

I wish some one will tell me what is good to keep lice off little chickens.—MAGGIE S. BURKHALTS, Dayton, Ind.

Information Furnished.

Not seeing any information furnished for contracted feet in horses I thought I would give a little advice. Let T. S. R. take his mare to the blacksmith and have her feet pared down and get them as near the ground as possible and have a pair of spring heel shoes made, lowest on the outside from the last nail hole, so as to cause the foot to expand and not to contract, and dress the feet with ointment made of verdigres, rosin and lard. Do not let the blacksmith cut the bar out, that runs from the heel to the point of the frog, for it strengthens the heel of the foot.

For worms in horses, feed potatos with wheat bran and give some good condition powders. Don't let your mare stand on a dry floor.—R. EVANS.

Mulching and Green Manuring.

It is well known that plowing down green crops is a benefit to the soil, on account of the fertilizing material turned under. Yet a writer attributes the benefit to the shading of the ground by the crop, thus favoring, as he says, an "accumulation of nitrogen in the soil in an available form for plant food." It may be true that shade has an effect. But when the shading of the ground is made the sole means, or even the principal means, of increasing the fertility, the point I think is carried too far. This the correspondent himself makes clear when he says: "Sometimes in our desire to utilize the vines for hay, we mow them and store them in our barns, and still see no diminution in the improvement of the fertility of the soil in the following crop, whatever it might be." This means that the peas plowed under would be of no benefit in themselves in the soil. The pea is a better plant for enriching the soil than most plants, not alone because it shades the ground more than most other plants, but because it is richer in fertilizing elements. Otherwise buckwheat would be the most enriching of all cultivated crops, as it shades the ground most; yet we know it is not. So all our cultivated grains shade the ground more or less, yet if continued without manure they exhaust the soil.

Shade benefits the soil by preventing the sun and drying winds from parching it. Hence the benefit of a mulch to protect the ground. If the mulch is of fine, rotted barn manure all the better, both for its manurial elements and its porous character, the latter as a conserver of moisture. Mere darkness in itself may have the effect to enrich the ground. If so, the night is a god-send to us. So must the surface of the soil be to the rest of the soil. Half an inch or less in thickness is sufficient to exclude the light. Yet with this protection soils deteriorate if their crops are removed; if plowed under the land becomes richer, as is fully demonstrated by green manuring. Clover shades the ground, but no more than some other plants, yet it enriches the ground more than perhaps any. It is because it draws its strength from the depths below, as is the case with any deep-rooting plant. We are therefore to look farther than the mere shading of the ground for enrichment. That shade is of some benefit to the ground is quite clear. Besides protecting it, it has the effect of smothering weeds, and in this sense it has an equal effect upon the grains, as well as upon the grasses, of which our dooryards and lawns afford evidence.—*F. G. in Country Gentleman.*

Breaking Steers.

The mode of breaking steers practiced in Kentucky is thus described: Where the establishment is a large one, and there are some to be broken in every year, the fixture and practice here recommended would seem to be eligible and judicious: "Get a strong ox-sled, eight feet long by two thick; plant it six feet in the ground, well rammed; round or level the top of the post and leave a nin to it, or make a mortice and insert a strong two inch pin of tough wood in it, perpendicularly at the top, six or eight inches long. Then get a tough sapling 25 feet long. Measure off at the small end of it the usual length of a yoke, and bore the holes for your bows. Then bore three holes, or more if you choose, four, eight and 12 feet from the other end of the sapling, of the size of the pin in the top of the post, giving the shortest lever first. Draw your steers up, let them be young or old, gentle or wild, it makes no difference; yoke them to the end of the pole; but instead of tying their tails together, if you wish to avoid bob tail oxen, tie their loins together with a good rope, wrap up their hooked halters, clear the front, and let them go; round and round they will go with a rush; drunk—drunker, still they grow, until, groaning, down they drop. For a while they lie panting and looking wild; then leap as if suddenly frightened, rush round and round again, grow drunk and drop again. Leave them, they will repeat the experiment, until, reeling, they will stop or stand. In a few hours you may lead them around by their halters. Uncouple them from the pole or yoke them to your cart, and drive them where you please with safety.

A Cure for Gapes in Chickens.

A writer in the *Country Gentleman* gives the following as a reliable remedy for gapes in chickens:

"Take a ripe timothy head (I gather a big handful after harvest, when they are full ripe, and put them away for use the following Summer, but sometimes I can select some out of the timothy hay that has been dry when cut,) then carefully strip off the fuzz, which leaves it looking like a broom splint, except that it is rough. Be careful not to break the point. Then take up the chick, pull its tongue out, and at the point of it you will see the opening of the windpipe, hold the tongue out firmly with the third finger, while you insert the instrument with the same hand, holding the head with the left. Put it down the windpipe straight and carefully till you touch the bottom; then, as you draw it up, turn or twist it all the time, and you will find it filled with small red worms. The chick will soon show signs of relief. A second application is not often necessary. Sometimes, instead of the worms twisting around the stick, it simply loosens them, and the chickens immediately sneeze them out.

"Last Summer I cured over 100, and I seldom lose one under the operation, except when too far gone at the time I begin."

What Hay Takes from the Soil.

Veterinary Journal.

According to agricultural chemists a ton of average meadow hay removes from the soil 18½ pounds of potash, 1¾ pounds of soda, 23 pounds lime, 7 pounds magnesia, 1¾ pounds oxide iron, 2¾ pounds sulphuric acid, 6 pounds phosphoric acid, 2½ pounds chlorine, 38 pounds silica. A ton of clover hay takes 32 pounds potash, 8 pounds soda, 43¾ pounds lime, 5¼ pounds magnesia, ¾ pound oxide of iron, 7 pounds sulphuric acid, 10¾ pounds phosphoric acid, 6 pounds chlorine, and 6 pounds of silica. The meadow grass takes 110 pounds of mineral matter per ton and clover hay 118 pounds. Potash and lime, counting out silica, which does not add to the nutritive properties of the plants, supply two-thirds of the food that the grass plants drew from the land in which they grow, and about three fourths used by clover. Thus we see why limestone regions are so excellent for grazing purposes, and why lime and sulphuric acid, in the form of land plaster or gypsum, is so beneficial, in certain cases, to pastures and meadows.

Have a Plan in Farming.

The great fault with American farmers is a constant desire for change. The farm is rarely thought of as the home which the children are to occupy during a life-time, and then leave to their heirs. There is too much changing with the crops—first one thing and then another, the result of which is a shifting that is profitless for a few years it may be. Next sheep-raising is the leading feature of the farm, soon to be followed by rearing a breed of cattle or cultivating hops, tobacco or even rhubarb. The general management of a farm should be planned once for all, it only being subject to those changes that an improvement in agricultural methods suggest. The work of a farm should go on regularly from year to year, so that even in mid-winter the farmer may make his arrangements and complete his scheme of work for the whole season. The man who is trying to sell his farm has his heart in some other locality or business, and he who is ready to devote his energies to some new crop or method is seldom on the highway to success. It is well to try that which is new, but not by giving up the old and well tried methods.—*American Farmer.*

Planting Fruit Trees.

Not long since we read an article giving in detail the best method of setting apple and pear trees. While the article contained many good suggestions, it recommended the old method of pressing the earth down closely upon the roots, while covering them, by treading upon it. It would seem with all the light of the present day, that a practice so evidently contrary to nature ought to be abandoned. If we closely observe nature we shall find that she is all the time teaching us that for rapid growth the earth must be kept light and loose; this packing of earth closely around any tree, or plant, is fatal to its rapid growth. Large numbers of plants are either killed outright or prevented from growing many days after planted, simply by packing the earth so hard, when setting, that it makes a ball of earth so compact that neither air nor water can penetrate it to feed the plant. What is true of plants is also true of trees. By packing the earth closely around the roots of the tree it prevents Nature from feeding it, because the passage ways through which her messengers must pass to carry food, are completely closed up. In setting a tree, care should be taken to cover the roots with earth just compact enough to prevent large air spaces, and yet not so compact as to prevent the free passage of both air and water.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

"Praise from Sir Rupert."

Gen. James B. Steedman in Northern Ohio Democrat.

We have read the "Red Acorn," by our talented townsman, Mr. John H. McElroy, of the BLADE, and it is full of growing and thrilling interest from the beginning to the end. Aside from the characters, whose role is maintained throughout the tale, it is full of historical and geographical information, which we know personally to be correct, in which every soldier who looks into the book, will feel such an interest as will impel him to read it through. The "Red Acorn" was certainly a very happy conception of Mr. McElroy, and we recommend to every comrade who is able to buy the book to get it and read it through. It will be worth more than double its cost to every person who reads it.

Sullivan, the pugilist, is to pitch in a base ball game in New York.

SOLDIERS' REUNION.

The Army of the Potomac in Washington—A Beautiful Day for the Parade.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—Despite the lowering clouds and threatening weather of yesterday, to-day has been most auspicious for the opening ceremonies of the Reunion of the Army of the Potomac. The showers of yesterday laid the dust and to-day the fresh breeze from the northeast, with a cloudless sky and bright sunshine made the day a perfect one, both for those who marched in the procession and for the thousands of spectators who from an early hour this morning lined the streets.

By 9 o'clock the various military organizations which were to take part in the parade were on the ground, and the sound of martial music greeted the ear from a dozen quarters. At 11 o'clock the escort under command of Brevet Maj. Gen. R. B. Ayres, U. S. A., took station along Fifteenth street, their right resting on Pennsylvania avenue. The Society of the Army of the Potomac, under command of Gen. A. A. Humphries, President of the Society, and his staff, formed in column fours at the Riggs House. At 11:20 the procession moved, breaking from right to left, and marching up Fifteenth street past the McPherson statue, thence through Vermont and Massachusetts avenues, passing the Thomas statue, to Rhode Island avenue, passing Scott's statue, through Connecticut avenue, passing the Farragut statue, to Seventeenth street to Pennsylvania avenue, passing in review before the stand erected upon the pavement opposite the White House.

Dense crowds of people lined the entire route of the procession, and gave ample occupation to the mounted police in keeping the passage open for the procession. Shortly before 12 o'clock the President was notified of the approach of the procession, and with the members of his Cabinet and other invited guests proceeded across the lawn to the stand, which was approached by a flight of steps from within the White House grounds. Upon the stand were the President, Secs. Lincoln, Teller, Attorney General Brewster, Postmaster General Gresham, Justice Field, Sens. Miller, Butler, ex-Sen Windom, Representatives McKinley and S. S. Cox, and several others.

There were about 700 men in line, and together with the various organizations composing the escort, about 2,500 men passed in review. Along the line of march there was a liberal display of bunting and much enthusiasm. It was the first representative gathering of the Army of the Potomac in Washington since the war, and as the soldiers of 20 years ago marched past the stand, many of them grey-haired and crippled and bowed with the weight of intervening years, it recalled the review of 1865, when the Army of the Potomac marched up the avenue and passed in review before the President, 100,000 strong. In the procession were many well-known familiar faces, and there was a constant interchange of recognition between the passing veterans and those upon the stand.

At 1 o'clock the escort was dismissed at the Riggs House, the point from which the procession started, and the Society of the Army of the Potomac marched to the White House and paid their respects to the President, who received them in the East Room and greeted each member as he was presented to him.

This afternoon business meetings of the different corps will be held at their several headquarters, and at 3 o'clock the general business meeting of the Society will begin at the National Theater.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—At the business meeting Gen. John Newton and Gen. Grant were put in nomination. Much confusion followed. Both names were withdrawn, and again put in nomination. It was urged that Gen. Grant was not eligible. The result of the ballot was Gen. Newton 155, Gen. Grant 177, scattering 7. Gen. Newton's election was made unanimous, and with the exception of the President, the old officers were re-elected. Brooklyn, N. Y., was selected as the place for the next reunion of the Society, and the meeting adjourned.

The exercises this evening drew together an audience of distinguished, enthusiastic and sympathetic people. The interior decorations of the theater were brilliant. Gen. Humphries, the retiring President, opened the exercises. Judge Edmunds made an address.

At the conclusion, George Alfred Townsend, with much feeling, delivered a poem, the reading of which was frequently interrupted by applause. Following is the poem:

Civil soldiers, reassembled by the the river of your fame,
Ye who saved the virgin City bathed in Washington's clear name—
Which of all your past commanders doth this day your memory haunt—
Scott, McDowell, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, McClellan, Halleck, Grant?

There is one too little mentioned when your proud reunions come,
And the thoughtful love of Country dies upon the sounding drum;
Let me call him in your muster, let me wake him in your grief—
Captain by the Constitution, Abraham Lincoln was your chief.

Ever nearest to his person, ye were his defense and shield;
He alone by your commanders died upon the battle field.
All your Generals were his children, leaning on him, childish-willed,
And they all with him filial mourners round the mighty tomb he filled.

Tender as the harp of David, his soft answers now become,
When angel the wares of kingdom rose and fell some Absolom;
And his humor gilds his memory like a light within a tent,
Or the sunken sun that lingers on the lofty monument

Like the slave that saw the sunrise with his face toward the west,
As it flashed while yet 'twas hidden on a slender steeple's crest;
So while victory turned her from him ere the dawn in wisdom came,
On his pen the Emancipation glittered like an altar flame.

Feeling for the doomed deserter, feeling for the mother
For the empty Northern hearthstone and the Southern home afire,
Mercy kept him grim as Moloch, all the future babes to free,
And eternal justice to garner for the millions yet to be. ●

In the rear the people clamored, in the front the generals massed,
In his inner councils harbored critic and antagonist,
But he ruled them by an instinct, like the queens among the bees,
With a health of soul that honeyed Publicans and Pharisees.

Faint of faith, we looked behind us for a chief of higher tone,
While the voice that drowned the trumpets was the echo of our own;
Ever thus, my old companions, genius has us by the hand,
Walking on the tempest with us, every crisis to command.

Like the bugle-blown at evening by some homesick son of arts,
Lincoln's words unearthly quiver, in the universal heart,
Not an echo left of malice, scarce of triumph in the strain,
As when Summer thunder murmurs in pathetic showers of rain.

Years for ever consecrated, here he lived where cities be,
Never crying on the climate or the toil's monotony;
Here his darling boy he buried, and the night in vigil wept
Like his Lord within the garden, when the tired Disciples slept.

How his call for men went ringing round the world, a mighty bell,
And the races of creation came the proud revolt to quell;
Standing in the last reaction on the rock of human rights,
Worn and mournful grew his features in the battle lights.

Once, like Moses from the mountain looked he on the realm he won,
When the slaves in burning Richmond knelt and thought him Washington,
Then an envigus bravo snatched him from the theater of things
To become a saint of nature in the pantheon of kings.

Faded are the golden chevrons, vanished is the pride of war;
Mild in heaven his moral glory lingers like the morning star,
And the freeman zone of cotton his white spirit seems to be,
And the nodes in the harvest beats his army's reveille.

All around him spoiled or greedy, women vain and hoary speak,
Still his faith in human nature lived without discouragement;
For his country, which could raise him, barefoot, to the monarch's hight,
Could be mock her, or his mother, though her name she could not write?

Deep the wells of humble childhood, cool the spring beside the hut,
Millions more as poor as Lincoln see the door he has not shut.
Not till wealth has made its canker every poor white's cabin through
Shall the great Republic wither, or the infidel subdue,

Not a soldier of the classics, he could see through learned pretense,
Master of the greatest science, military common sense.
As he watched your marches, comrades, hither, thither, wayward years,
On his map the roads you followed you can trace them by his tears.

Stand around your great commander, lay aside your little fears,
Every Lincoln carries freedom's car along a hundred years,
And when next the call for soldiers rolls along the golden belt,
Look to see a mightier column rise and march, prevail and melt.

Following the poet came the orator of the evening, Maj. Martin Maginnis. There were loud calls for Gen. Sherman when Maj. Maginnis concluded. The veteran commander stepping to the front of the stage amid a storm of applause and ringing cheers, pleasantly alluded to the old saying of the Army of the Potomac that "They did not want any banmers," and said "I was the person to whom you referred." A laughing chorus of denials came from the vet erans. The General proceeded to point out that the memories of the war would be common to all soldiers of the war, to what of yesterday laid the dust and to-day the ever army they belonged. They followed one flag, he said, and fought in one cause, and that cause the union of the country and the preservation of the Government transmitted to them by honest forefathers.

As Gen. Sherman retired, the band played "Marching Through Georgia," the members of the Society and the guests on the stage rising and joining enthusiastically in the chorus. There were loud calls for Rosecrans, Schofield and Slocum, and the latter responded in a brief speech.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—The United States steamers Talapoosa and Ewing and steamboat George Leary to-day conveyed members of the Society of the Army of the Potomac and a number of invited guests to Mount Vernon. To-night a grand banquet will be given the Society.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—A banquet to-night closed the reunion. About 400 members and citizens of Washington sat down to well filled tables. Among the distinguished guests were Gens. Sherman, McClellan, Rosecrans, Slocum, Schofield, Bingham and Van Vliet, Rear Admiral Rogers, Gen. Schenck, Gen. Walker, Sen. Miller, Commissioner of Pensions Dudley, and Chas. Dudley Warner.

"BOYCOTT THE POPE,"

Is Congressman Finnerty's Advice to Irish Catholics.

ROME, May 16.—The Pope in a circular to the Irish Bishops says: "Whatever Parnell's object may be, his followers have often adopted courses openly against the rules of the Pope's letter to Cardinal McCabe and instructions sent the Bishops, which were accepted at their recent meeting in Dublin. While it is lawful for the Irish to seek redress for their grievances and strive for their rights, they should, at the same time, seek God's justice and remember the wickedness of illegal means in furthering even a just cause. It is the duty of the clergy to curb the excited feelings of the people and urge justice and moderation. The clergy are not permitted to depart from these rules and join and promote movements inconsistent with them. Collections to relieve distress are permitted, but subscriptions to inflame the popular passions are condemned. The clergy must hold aloof, when it is plain by such movements hatred and dissensions are aroused or distinguished persons insulted, and when crimes and murders go uncensured, and when patriotism is measured by the amount subscribed, for people are thereby intimidated; therefore the Parnell fund is disproved and no clergyman should recommend subscription therefore or promote it."

It is stated that Archbishop Croke, on his return to Ireland, will visit Cardinal McCabe, and the latter will come here to confer with the Pope as soon as his health will permit him to undertake the journey.

DUBLIN, May 16.—A meeting of the National League was held here to-day. Biggar, member of Parliament for Cavan, in a speech, said that anything coming from the Pope should be received with much respect by the League. They should at the same time express their opinions in plain but inoffensive terms. Biggar said he was not suited for such a task, and that further, it was unsafe for him to remark on the present manner of administering justice. He urged the importance of preparing for a general election for members of Parliament.

Maxine, Parnellite member of Parliament for Tipperary, said the Irish people should take theology and not politics from Rome. Parnell, he declared, was the head of their political church.

Kenny, Member of Parliament for Ennis, described the Pope's circular as a shameful insult to the priests and people of Ireland.

Freeman's Journal, commenting on the Pope's circular to the Irish Bishops, says His Holiness has been misled, if not entirely deceived by emissaries of the British Government, who know if the Parnell party remains unbroken it will hold the balance of power in the next Parliament.

O'Donnell, Member of Parliament for Dungarvin, in a letter to the Freeman's Journal, referring to the Pope's circular to Irish Bishops, says the Vatican has been misled by a species of mendacity which has availed itself of the monstrous ignorance of Irish affairs prevailing at Rome. He characterizes Errington, who has been the medium of communication between Great Britain and the Vatican, as a sneak and renegade, and says the attention of the Vatican should be called to the crime fostered by England's enforcement of the infamous land code.

CHICAGO, May 18.—The Citizen, published by C. Finnerty, Member of Congress from the Third Illinois District, has an editorial headed, "Boycott the Pope," in which he says: "Of all the products of Papal interference in affairs in Ireland that have marked the policy of the Vatican from the time of Adrian IV. to the present time, the last circular addressed by Leo XIII. to Irish Bishops and clergy, in regard to the Parnell fund, is the most intolerably impertinent. Ever since they going to do about it? may be asked. We reply, let them hold public meetings throughout every diocese in Ireland, pass resolutions strongly denouncing any more of His Holiness' unholy intervention in Irish politics, and tell him once for all time, firmly and respectfully, to mind his own business as the head of the Catholic Church.

"If the Irish supplement this action by resolving not to contribute a single cent of Peter's pence while Leo VIII. occupies the Papal chair, or at least until he quits his palpable and scandalous political alliance with the arch-enemy of the Irish nation and race. In a word, we advise our countrymen, if they have any respect for themselves or for Ireland, to boycott the Pope and teach him a lesson that may be serviceable at least to his successors. Cut off some of the monetary supplies of Leo XIII. and tench him, without being misunderstood, that the Irish race cannot be bulldozed into slavery by the bayonets of England or by the thunders of Rome. We hope the Irish bishops and clergy will have backbone enough to resent this Roman outrage on their patriotism. Ireland will stand them against Pope Leo and every other foreign busybody, be he Saxon or Celtian."

He Stole One of Tom Moore's Poems and "Resigned."

NEW HAVEN, May 16.—The Yale News announced yesterday that Henry A. Palmer, of Sioux City, Ia., had resigned his membership in Chi Delta Theta. Palmer is a senior and a member of the Skull and Bones Society, to belong to which is the ambition of many Yale College boys. In his sophomore year he carried away the first prize for excellency in English composition. The announcement and the cause of his resignation created great excitement among the students. The Chi Delta Theta fraternity is composed of the five editors of the Yale Literary Magazine. Several weeks ago it leaked out that Palmer had been guilty of plagiarism. It is said he has been in the habit of copying from Southern and Western periodicals on file in the College reading rooms, to which comparatively little attention is paid, by the students in general, and appropriating as his own such selections as he thought would add to his reputation as a writer. One of the poems which he thus made use of happened to be a well known production by Thomas Moore, which was printed in the publication from which he copied it without credit to the author. Palmer, in resigning his membership, concedes this and several other plagiarisms.

—Good health is the greatest of fortunes; no remedy has so often restored this prize to the suffering, as Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

Thompson Acquitted—"Kentucky Wives Can Now be Protected."

HARRODSBURG, May 16.—The jury returned a verdict of acquittal in the case of Hon. Phil. B. Thompson, in the trial for killing Walter H. Davis. When the jury came in with the verdict, the defendant sat between Col. Jacobs and his father, the latter ashen pale with excitement. When the Court asked the jury if it had agreed on a verdict, the foreman responded, "We have," and being asked what it was, slowly said, "We, the jury, find Philip B. Thompson, the defendant, not guilty, as charged in the indictment." Then came a shout, and men rushed forward to congratulate the defendant. During the confusion the voice of Phil Thompson, Sr., was heard saying, "Thank God, Kentucky wives can now be protected."

The Court discharged the prisoner and adjourned. The jury was out an hour and 20 minutes, and took three ballots.

—"Buchupaiba." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

Fortunate Horoscope Prognosticators.

The persons who calculate lucky moments in men's lives are busy prognosticating what celestial phenomena at one's birth will bring about the combination that will put the fortunate man in possession of the $100,000 grand prize at the next, the 187th Regular (Tuesday) Grand Semi-Annual Drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, at New Orleans, La. Full information can be had on an immediate application to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.

TOO BAD.

Nothing Known of the Bradford Fortune by Officers of the Bank of England.

CHICAGO, May 17.—The Times publishes the following letter from S. F. Bennett, of Richmond, Ill.:

The descendants of Gov. Bradford, numbering, it is estimated, some 70,000, have been quite interested of late over the report that a fortune of $100,000,000, the proceeds of the estate of Gov. Bradford, of Colonial fame, is lying in the vaults of the Bank of England, awaiting proper proof and measures to be divided among his heirs. The Times not long since published a letter from Commodore Whiting, of Milwaukee, in which he claimed to be a lineal descendant of the Governor and one of the heirs. R. R. Crosby, of this Village, is also a descendant of Gov. Bradford, and through friends in Milwaukee a conference with Commodore Whiting was sought. This gentleman had become very much interested in the matter and was making investigations, and desired $1 each from claimants to meet expenses. Being consulted in the matter by Mr. Crosby, I thought the place to begin an investigation to be the Bank of England, where the vast treasure was supposed to be deposited. I accordingly wrote to the chief accountant of that bank, and in reply received the following answer, which is copied verbatim, unless it be the signature, which, after the manner of bank official signatures, could hardly be deciphered even by aid of a compass and quadrant:

"BANK OF ENGLAND, E. C., April 27, 1883.—S. F. BENNETT, esq., Richmond, Ill., U. S. A.—SIR: In reply to your letter of the 11th inst., I beg to inform you that the bank have no knowledge whatever of any property to which the heirs of Gov. Bradford are entitled. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

S. O. GRANT,
"Chief Accountant."

The above letter would seem to settle the question as to the existence of the money, and its general publication might save an army of expectant "heirs" their dollar fees for "investigating." Somebody is making money out of this affair. A dollar apiece from even a minority of the 70,000 interested would make a large sum. It is only a few years since the "Hyde estate," of fabulous millions, was worked by sharpers in the same manner as this "Bradford estate might be, and hundreds of victims were bled for "investigation money." Let not the descendants of Gov. Bradford be similarly deceived. S. F. BENNETT.

THE LUTHERANS.

Encouraging Reports from Missionary Fields—Increased Attendance.

SPRINGFIELD, O., May 17.—The Evangelical Lutheran General Synod to-day elected the following officers for the Historical Society: President, Rev. J. G. Morris, Baltimore; Secretaries, Revs. M. Valentine, and J. F. Shearer; Curator, Rev. Dr. Hays, Gettysburg; Treasurer, D. A. Bagler.

Rev. T. A. Cluth read the 22d biennial report of the Board of Foreign Missions, showing simply 5 per cent. increase of contributions in churches for the last two years. The receipts were $50,741. The Board is now chartered under the laws of Maryland. The Women's Foreign Mission Society will send two additional missionaries to India this Fall; two male missionaries will also be sent out. The first native minister has just been licensed to preach.

The Treasurer's report shows that the General Synod more than paid the amount pledged the Board two years ago. Reference was made to the fact that missionaries of the Baptist Society had entered the Lutheran field in India, but it was believed the Home Baptist Board would right the matter on their attention being called to it.

The Synod adopted a resolution pledging the Foreign Mission Board $80,000 for the next two years. The Womens' and Childrens' Foreign Missionary Societies were commended to the churches.

Reports and resolutions called forth lively enthusiasm, because of their encouraging nature. To-night Rev. D. A. Day, missionary, just returned from Africa, Rev. B. Naus, missionary to India, and Rev. Dr. Bulles, Washington, D. C., made addresses at the anniversary of the Foreign Mission Board. Monday afternoon next the Synod will attend the exercises at the laying of the corner stone of the new Wittenberg College building. There were many new arrivals of delegates to-day, representing 12 States and 23 District Synods.

NORTHERN PACIFIC.

Pres. Villard Gives a Glowing Account of Crop Prospects in California and Oregon.

NEW YORK, May 18.—Pres. Villard, of the Northern Pacific Railroad, has returned from his tour of inspection and submitted a report at the meeting of the Board of Directors. He says California has been blessed with sufficient rain to insure her farmers larger crops this year than perhaps ever before. In Oregon and Washington Territory about 30,000 immigrants have settled, coming principally from Eastern, Middle and Coast States. All the Cities and Towns in Oregon and Washington are greatly improved, business is flourishing, and there is plenty of ready money. Crop prospects in Western Oregon and Eastern Washington Territory are unusually encouraging. It is estimated that upwards of 28,000 tons of grain will be garnered in Eastern Washington, and 45,000 tons in Western Oregon. This is a large increase over any previous year.

The Oregon and California line will be completed in 13 months, giving railroad connection with the great lakes and St. Paul to San Francisco via the Northern Pacific and Oregon & California systems. The completion of the latter road will affect somewhat the Ocean Steamship and Oregon Railroad Navigation Company. Business has increased so much the facilities of the latter line have been outgrown.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, disorders and weaknesses that are perfectly cured by following the suggestions given in an illustrated treatise (with colored plates) sent for three letter postage stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A California Trip Postponed.

COLUMBUS, May 15.—A novel injunction suit was commenced here to-day. Mrs. Jane Thompson ascertained that her husband, Leroy Thompson, intended abandoning her and his children, and to California. She therefore brought suit against S. E. Samuels to restrain him from paying to her husband about $1,000 which is coming to him. The Court will examine the complaint, and, in the meantime, Mr. Thompson's trip will be postponed for some time.

A Burglarious Spiritualist.

NORTH ADAMS, MASS., May 15.—Henry E. Hudson, spiritualist writer and versifier, is held in $2,500 on the charge of robbing the cashier of the Ingalls House, of jewelry, etc. In the possession of Hudson was a complete set of burglars' tools. J. Fred. Metcalf, Hudson's partner, was also held. Metcalf is 24 years old, and, with the exception of nine months, has been in jail continuously since he was 17 years old.

Mineral Lands.

WASHINGTON, May 15.—The Secretary of the Interior has decided that the mineral character of a township is determined by the character of the greater portion of it; that where a township has been recorded as mineral in character, it raises the presumption that a tract situated therein which has been filed for as agricultural is mineral in character, and this presumption of the agricultural claimant must be overcome by affirmative proof.

ONE COLD IS SOMETIMES CONTRACTED ON TOP OF ANOTHER, the accompanying Cough becoming settled and confirmed, and the Lungs so strained and racked, that the production of tubercles frequently follows. Many existing cases of Pulmonary Disease can be thus accounted for, and yet how many others are now carelessly allowing themselves to drift through the preliminary symptoms, controlled by the fatal policy of allowing a Cold to take care of itself? On the first intimation of a Cough or Cold, or any Throat or Lung trouble, resort promptly to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a safe curative of long established reputation, and you may avoid the consequences of such dangerous trifling.

Little Delaware and the Western Union.

WILMINGTON, Del., May 16.—The Western Union Telegraph Company's attorney this morning promised to pay, under protest, the municipal tax of $1 per pole. The City Council had directed the City Auditor to remove the poles from the streets this morning if the company still refused to pay the tax, which amounts to $350.

HOLLY SPRINGS, ARK., Oct. 21, 1881.
DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:
I am free from the Opium habit.
Yours fraternally,
MRS. M. V. CONNELL.

ARKADELPHIA, ARK., Oct. 17, 1881.
DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:
Let me thank you again for my great deliverance from the habit of using morphine.
MRS. L. R. BUTLER.

NATIONAL BREWERS.

Annual Convention in Detroit—The Mayor's Address—Detroit as a "Bulwark."

DETROIT, May 16.—The 23d annual convention of the National Brewers assembled this morning in this city. Harmonia Hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion with flowers and mottos. The delegates were formally received last evening, when a musical concert was given and brief addresses of welcome by Michael Marks, Chairman of the Reception Committee, and Mayor Thompson. The latter, after giving the delegates a cordial greeting, continued as follows: "Great Cities have ever been the bulwark of human liberty. The history of the thirteenth century shows what the Hanseatic League did for personal liberty." Reference was made to the influence and power in the same direction by the Cities of Frankfort and Hamburg. This statement held good, throughout the history of the middle ages, and in America, the great cities have ever proved the bulwark of personal freedom. Alluding in a casual way to the political standing of Detroit, which might be influenced by local or other cause, in the question of civil liberty he believed that the citizens of Detroit would roll up a vast majority in its favor. When the wave of fanaticism rushed over the country, Detroit stood fast. Not knowing anything about the City's future policy, not wishing to introduce politics into his remarks, he felt certain that the City would ever stand up for the personal rights of her citizens.

The Mayor's remarks were received with rounds of applause. H. B. Schermann replied gracefully on behalf of his associates to the welcoming address.

DETROIT, May 17.—The following resolutions were adopted at the morning session of the Brewers' Convention:

Resolved, That the founders of these States and their perpetual indestructible union, while they created State and Feder

News of the Week

TELEGRAPH AND MAIL.

Jeff Davis is much better, and steadily improving.

The treaty between Germany and Madagascar has been signed.

A good yield of peaches is promised in the vicinity of Madison, Ind.

A Cleveland dispatch says there was frost throughout Northern Ohio last night.

Six Anarchists have been arrested in Paris for circulating seditious pamphlets among troops.

Gen. George A. Sheridan, of Louisiana, has been chosen orator for Decoration Day in New York.

The striking employes of Riddle & Son's cotton mills, Rockdale, Pa., have resumed work at the old wages.

The 12th annual meeting of the Conductor's Association of the United States is being held in Cincinnati.

Official advices from Fort Walsh represent the Crees as perfectly quiet, and no trouble is apprehended.

The Governor of Alabama has ordered an election on the first Tuesday of July for Congressman, in place of Herndon, deceased.

The principal railways will charge delegates to the Ohio Republican State Convention full fare going, and one cent a mile returning.

The Paris Figaro publishes a letter from De Lesseps, stating the Suez Canal Company propose to cut a second canal across the Isthmus.

Sec. Folger has appointed James F. Meline, formerly of Cincinnati, Chief Clerk of the United States Treasury office, vice Charles Lyman resigned.

The wife of John Garrick, recently arrived from Ireland, deserted her husband and children on Tuesday, and went to Detroit to meet some other man.

Mrs. Redmond, of Covington, Ky., an aunt of J. D. Watson, the bribe convict, is making an effort to have Gov. Foster pardon her injudicious nephew.

The Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agricultural reports that farmers of that State hold over 5,000,000 bushels old wheat, and over 37,000,000 bushels old corn.

Col. Frank H. Pierce, a well known lawyer of Hillsboro, N. H., nephew and heir of ex-Pres. Pierce, has been committed to the asylum for the insane at Concord, N. H.

The London Times says in variety and completeness of illustration, the United States collection at the fisheries exhibition is not surpassed by any foreign contributors.

Mr. John F. Slater, the donor of $1,000,000, for the education of the freedmen, has lately gave $10,000 to the Park Congregational Church at Norwich, Conn., where he resides.

A locomotive, called the "Shaw," on its way to the Chicago Exposition of Railway Appliances, made one mile between Urbana and Woodstock in 47 seconds, which was at the rate of 76½ miles an hour.

American boatmen have organized a demand for increased shipping rates between Ottawa and New York received an offer of $3.75 per thousand feet, but demand $4. There are 600 boats in the organization.

D. M. Riordan, of the Navajo Indian Agency, demanded of the tribe that they release all slaves, some 200 in number, and the Indians complied with the demand. The Indian Bureau approved Riordan's action.

William B. Carroll, deceased, a clerk in the office of the Comptroller of the City of New York, is discovered to have stolen $148,080 from the City. His thefts began with small sums in 1879, continuing until August, 1882.

It is said that John Kelley has sent his personal check to the Mayor of New York for $18,000, to reimburse the city for the amount out of which it is said Carroll swindled the city during his administration as Comptroller.

Sullivan, the pugilist, offers to fight Mitchell for $2,500 a side, Mitchell to use his bare fists, while Sullivan will use gloves. Mitchell says he was not "knocked out," and expresses a desire to again meet the Boston champion.

The Auditing Board to settle the debt of the old City of Memphis have adopted the calculation of Drexel & Co., of Philadelphia, which allows $1,145 new bonds for every $1,000 of old, and adds $147 to every $1,000 of Flippin compromise bonds.

In the United States Circuit Court at San Francisco, in the case of the United States against Charles Ferguson, charged with counterfeiting, Judge Hoffman decided that gilding the new 3-cent nickel is counterfeiting, and the jury convicted the prisoner.

In consequence of what it claims has been unjust treatment by the city government of Elizabeth, N. J., the Singer Sewing machine Company will remove its manufactory from that place, where 3,000 people were given employment. A portion of the company's work will be transferred to Newfoundland.

The Michigan Legislature has enacted that no certificate shall be granted any person to teach in the schools of Michigan who shall not pass satisfactory examination after September 1, 1884, in physiology and hygiene, with particular reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants and narcotics upon the human system.

Mr. J. H. Saunders, of Chicago, member of the United States Treasury Cattle Commission, leaves for Europe next week on a special Governmental mission. It is understood his trip has particular reference to restrictions now imposed on our export cattle trade with Great Britain and to our pork trade with Germany, and other European countries.

The Secretary of the Interior has decided adversely upon the application of the Northern Pacific Railway Company to withdraw from settlement and entry indemnity lands lying 20 miles or more beyond original alternate sections granted in the charter, but has sanctioned the action of the Commissioner of the Land Office in withholding indemnity lands within alternate sections.

Sec. Folger has informed the President that in order to carry into effect the provisions of the act to prevent the importation of adulterated or spurious teas it will be necessary to appoint assistant appraisers at New York, Chicago and San Francisco, who shall perform the duties of special tea examiners. These appointments are vested in the President and not in the Secretary of the Treasury, as at first supposed.

Judge Newman decided at LaCrosse, Wis., Monday on the Washburn will contest, arriving at the same conclusions recently rendered by Judge Velas in Minneapolis. The estate will net $2,000,000, of which the widow gets $600,000, and parties in Minneapolis and LaCrosse $425,000, leaving more than $800,000 to be applied in the manner set forth in the will, and is supposed to be ample to cover all bequests.

The President has accepted the invitation to attend the exercises incident to the opening of the Brooklyn and Brooklyn bridge on the 24th inst. He has also accepted the invitation to attend a public reception tendered him by the Mayor and Common Council of Brooklyn, which will be held in the Academy of Music in the evening of the 24th inst. The President will remain in New York City for several days, and possibly until the 30th inst., in which event he will participate in public ceremonies of decoration.

In Fulton, Callaway County, Mo., where a high local option license law has been thoroughly tried, four saloons have been permitted to do business on the payment of a license of $1,000 per annum. This has been sufficient to pay the entire expense of the municipal government and pave all the streets in the most substantial manner. The saloons in operation are of the best character, and no drunkenness is ever seen about them. The proprietors make money and pay the license exacted of them willingly.

The Supreme Court of Missouri has decided in a suit brought by a resident of St. Louis to restrain the teaching of foreign languages and the sciences in the public schools, and to prevent the expenditure of school funds for the instruction of children under 6 years of age, that the Board of Directors of the public schools is the sole judge, subject to legislative direction, of what shall be taught in the public schools, but that it is contrary to the State Constitution to pay out money for the education of children under 6 years of age.

Indian Judge Bee, the personnel of which was disturbed when Judge Gresham was called into the Cabinet at Washington, has now been reorganized. The Hon. William A. Woods, of the State Supreme Court, having been appointed by the President to fill Judge Gresham's vacancy in the United States District Judgeship, the Governor of Indiana has now designated the Hon. Edwin P. Hammond, of Rensselaer, to be the successor of Judge Woods on the State bench. Judge Hammond, who is 48 years of age, is a brother of the late Gov. A. A. Hammond of that State. He has been a Circuit Judge since 1883.

Special advices from Judge Elbert E. Farman, of Warsaw, representing the United States in the Egyptian War Claims Commission, now in active session at Alexandria, state that over 1,500 claims have been allowed upon which the amount awarded was 13,000,000 francs. He also holds his position as Judge of the International Court, now sitting once a week. He will return in August. These are undoubtedly the most lucrative offices awarded any representative of the United States in foreign lands for the year 1883. The salaries are paid by the Egyptian Government.

Morse & Gardner's glass works, Wallingford, Conn., burned; loss, $60,000.

America will send 60 paintings to the forthcoming art exhibition at Munich.

A supposed case of hydrophobia is attracting much attention in Indianapolis.

Wm. Chambers, L.L. D., the well known London publisher, died yesterday, aged 83.

At Chattanooga 24 persons were poisoned at a church festival, but all are recovering.

A war is being organized in New York by the County Democracy against Tammany.

Some of the horses in Cincinnati have the pink eye, but it yields readily to treatment.

The news concerning the treaty of peace between Peru and Chili is not generally credited at Lima.

Harry F. Watson, who shot May Appleton, is held in $20,000 bail. The woman is in a precarious condition.

Charles Avery, Professor of Chemistry at Hamilton College, from 1834 to 1869, died in Clinton Sunday, aged 87.

The new Board of Carrollton, Ill., has fixed the liquor license fee at $1,200. The license at Sandwich, Ill., is $550.

Jacques Ablatucci and M. Sauldy fought a duel with swords, in Bois De Boulogne yesterday. Both were wounded.

The Comptroller of the Currency has authorized the Cleveland, O., National Bank to begin business, capital $350,000.

For the first week of free canals in New York 216,166 tons of goods cleared, against 147,104 tons the corresponding week a year ago.

Dillard Morey, living near Shelbyville, Ind., having become unbalanced through religious excitement, blew out his brains with a shot-gun.

Levi D. Jarrard, Postmaster and ex-County Collector at New Brunswick, N. J., is missing and is reported short over $10,000 in his County account.

The fifth anniversary of C. W. Sawyer's gospel temperance work in New York, was celebrated last night at Cooper Institute. Moody made an address.

The Alpha Delta Phi Convention at Cleveland adjourned yesterday to meet at Middletown, Conn. Rev. Philip Brooks, of Boston, was elected President.

The Harrison reduction works at Leadville, a branch of the St. Louis Smelting and Refining Company's Works, was burned yesterday morning. Loss, $70,000.

The business portion of the town of Alte, on the Boeuf River, was burned by an incendiary. Loss, $30,000; insurance, $6,000, distributed among a number of firms.

An engine and 18 freight cars were thrown down an embankment of the Reading & Columbus Railroad, near Ephrata. Geo. W. Hain, Master Mechanic, was killed.

At Richmond, Ind., Mumford G. Beeson, a member of the State Legislature, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a knife. The cause of the deed is not learned.

It is reported from Monterey that Pausland and Maudd, the two Americans in jail for the murder of Wickland, a wealthy contractor a few days ago, were taken out and hanged by a mob.

At Fort Wayne, Ind., the jury in the case of Sam McDonald, charged with the murder of Louis Lorenz, returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, with the death penalty affixed.

Alice Zimmerman, the young and cultured wife of Frank Zimmerman, the New York artist, killed her 12 days old daughter and attempted to kill her mother. She will be sent to the asylum.

At G. W. Bowen & Co.'s sale of Runnymede yearlings at Lexington, Ky., 19 head sold for an aggregate of $10,460, an average of $550. The highest price brought by a single animal was $1,500.

The Comptroller of the Currency has authorized the Merchants' National Bank of Grinnell, Iowa, to begin business, capital $100,000, and the First National Bank of Sabetha, Ks., capital $50,000.

The indictment recently found against Paul Strobach, the newly appointed United States Marshal for Alabama, having been dismissed, the Grand Jury at Montgomery Saturday returned five additional indictments.

A New York man has brought his fourth suit in six months to recover damages for the alienation of his wife's affections, a different man appearing as defendant in each action. The claims for damages vary from $5,000 to $80,000.

Twenty of the crew of the bark Arabia died of smallpox on the voyage from New Orleans to Revel, on the Gulf of Finland. The captain, who attempted to take his ship into Helsingfors, was fined 300 crowns for violating the port regulations.

It is learned at Pittsburg that Vanderbilt has purchased 12,000 shares of stock in the Pittsburg & Lake Erie Railroad. The price paid is $175 per share, making the total amount $2,100,000. This gives Vanderbilt a large controlling interest in the road.

Delegates to the Central Labor Union, New York, decided to issue a circular requesting all workingmen to refuse to take part in the exercises of opening the Brooklyn bridge, because the authorities had refused to change it from the Queen's birthday anniversary.

The Union Baptist Theological Seminary of Morgan Park graduated a class of 21 young men, who will enter upon ministerial duties. The graduating exercises occurred at Immanuel Baptist church. A class of 28 was graduated by the Garret Biblical Institute at Evanston.

The shoemakers' lockout in Cincinnati is not progressing toward settlement. The manufacturers having refused to regard the situation as one requiring them to submit it to arbitration, the workmen have declared their intention to withdraw from the Board of Arbitration.

Kate Kane, the female attorney of Milwaukee, who threw a glass of water in Judge Mallory's face, in the Criminal Court, and was sent to jail for contempt, was released, after having spent 30 days in jail. Her friends took her home in a hack and presented her a purse of money.

The controversy about the B. F. Allen homestead, at Des Moines, has been compromised, the bankrupt financier reserving only the east seven acres of the homestead of 40 acres, just outside of that city, together with the dwelling. The ground is worth $10,000, and the mansion cost $300,000.

Wm. Collins, of Covington, has brought suit for $40,000 against his landlord, whom he alleges admitted a child who was suffering from smallpox into the room in which he (Collins) was living. The nature of the disease was concealed. The plaintiff's daughter contracted the infection and died.

Prof. Wm. C. McClellon has challenged Peter McBoy to a prize fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring for $1,000 a side and the middleweight championship of America. McClellan says he will fight McCoy four weeks from signing the articles, within 100 miles of Pittsburg or within the same distance of Buffalo.

Lieut. Garlington, who will command the relief expedition to Lady Franklin Bay, will leave New York with his party on the Alhambra on June 7, for St. Johns, N. F. Mail for Lieut. Greeley and his men, and contributions of reading matter for the expedition should be sent in care of the Chief Signal Officer in time to reach Washington not later than June 1.

The son of a rich railroad President in Chicago has beaten a commission house out of $30,000 by turning in unauthorized orders as genuine. It is doubtful whether there is any law under which he can be prosecuted. "I have paid out $230,000 for that boy," said the father, when asked to settle the present matter. "I can go no further with out injustice to worthier members of my family."

The Land Commissioner of the Kansas Pacific Railroad reports an unusually strong immigrant current into Kansas this year, as indicated by the sales of the land department of the company. Last year's sales (160,000 acreas) have already been exceeded before the close of the fifth month this year. Inquiries for cattle and sheep ranches especially are more numerous than ever before.

A Salem, Ind., special announces the death of Horace Heffren, aged about 60 years, for a long time a prominent politician in that State, and during the war brought into prominence as an alleged leader of the Sons of Liberty, resulting in his imprisonment. He was a member of the General Assembly at the time of his death, and last winter had a heated discussion with the Indianapolis Journal growing out of the renewal of the old Sons of Liberty charges against him.

The Secretary of the Interior has decided the case of John H. Moore, who attempted to locate Valentine scrip upon lands claimed to be part of the public lands, San Jose, Cal., that such scrip being only locatable upon unoccupied and unappropriated public land, is not locatable within the claimed limits of confirmed Mexican grant, until the grant has been surveyed, and the survey approved, such land, prior to the survey and approval, being in a state of reservation and not public land; and that when the status of the land becomes definitely fixed by an approved survey, it will be public lands for disposal to the first legal applicant, as in other cases.

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THE PRESBYTERIANS.

Reception of Delegates from the Southern General Assembly—Sunday School Work.

SARATOGA, May 18.—At the afternoon session the first order of business was the reception of delegates from the Southern General Assembly, and Dr. L. J. Evans, Chairman of the Committee, appeared on the platform with Rev. Drs. William Brown, of Fredericksburg; Thomas A. Hoyt, of Nashville, and Patrick Joyce, of Louisville. They were presented to the Moderator, and welcomed by him and introduced to the General Assembly. The message of peace and fraternal good will was read by S. N. Brown in an address and repeatedly applauded. It breathed the sentiments of reconciliation and a desire for Christian fellowship. Organized reunion he deemed impracticable for the reasons convenience opposed it, and it can be done only by acknowledgment of error in the beginning of the disruption. His colleague, Dr. Hoyt, spoke briefly and eloquently, conveying the opinion of that element of the Southern branch that desires reconciliation and reunion of the two branches of the Presbyterian churches.

Judge Patrick Joyce, a lay delegate, briefly spoke, coinciding in the views of Dr. Hoyt, heartily believed a great majority of the members of both churches were favorable to only one Presbyterian Church in the United States. The Moderator made a flattering reply.

At the evening session the question of Sunday School work was discussed by Rev. Drs. Johnson, of Chicago, Howard Crosby, of New York, and J. A. Worden, of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, May 18.—The General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of North America resumed its session to-day. Rev. Theodore W. Wells, delegate from the General Synod of the Reformed Church of America, addressed the Convention and expressed the hope that the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church and the General Synod of the Reformed Church in America might be continued to the mutual benefit of both.

The Moderator, Rev. James T. Norton, replied to the address, stating that close relationship had been established between the two churches, as many of the vital points at issue were identical in both.

Rev. A. Gifford Wylie, of Cincinnati, and William McElhinney, of New York, were appointed delegates to the General Council of Presbyterianism, Belfast, Ireland, one year from July next, and Rev. William Wylie, of New York, and Rev. Mr. Kerr, of this city, alternates. The report of the Theological Seminary fund shows receipts for the year of $2,740; expenditures, $2,730; the endowment fund amounts to $33,934. The report was accepted and referred to the Auditing Committee.

WALTER EVANS,

Of Kentucky, Succeeds Raum as Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

WASHINGTON, May, 21.—Walter Evans, of Kentucky, was to-day appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue. He is a lawyer of ability and well-known in politics in his State. He was at one time a law partner of Benj. H. Bristow, in Hopkinsville, Ky., and was a Bristow man at the Convention in 1876. In 1880 he was delegate at large to the Chicago Convention, and one of the 306 who supported Grant's candidacy. In 1879 he was a candidate for Governer of his State on the Republican ticket. He has not heretofore held office, although he has had considerable influence in the distribution of Federal patronage in Kentucky. He and P. M. Gen. Gresham are warm personal friends, and it is understood the latter was instrumental in securing Evans' appointment. The new appointee was qualified and sworn in to-day at Louisville, the occasion for haste being that the 10 days for which the Acting Commissioner of Internal Revenue could be appointed, expired to-day.

LOUISVILLE, May 21.—Hon. Walter Evans, of Louisville, who was nominated by the President to-day as Commissioner of Internal Revenue to succeed Green B. Raum, is a lawyer about 41 years old. He served as Lieutenant in the Federal Army during the late war; was elected member of the Legislature from Christian County in 1871; Senator for the same County in 1873; four years ago was nominated for Governor on the Republican ticket and made a canvass of the State, receiving a good vote. He is a quiet, unassuming, clear-headed Christian gentleman, and it is believed here will make a capable and efficient Commissioner.

FOREST FIRES

In Vermont—A Large Amount of Property Destroyed, but No Lives Lost.

MONTPELIER, Vt., May 21.—At Grofton Pond, 23 miles from here, on the Montpelier & Wells River Railroad, last Saturday afternoon, there was the most destructive forest fire ever known in Vermont. It originated by burning brush about noon, and the wind blowing a gale, the flames swept everything before them. It first burned the depot, water-house and 40 cords of wood of the Montpelier & Wells River Railroad at Grofton Pond; then swept away the mill property, consisting of a large steam mill with several thousand dollars worth of machinery, one large and several small tenement houses, occupied by some 20 families, a store, over 200,000 feet of dressed lumber, 400 cords of bark, several barrels, 58 ox sleds, three carloads of hay, 25 freight cars, live stock, and nearly all the personal property of the families—the men, women and children taking refuge on the pond in boats and on rafts. The mill property was owned by Alvah T. Baldwin, of Wells Rivers. Baldwin's loss is estimated at over $100,000, with small insurance. Several families are rendered destitute. Some 15 men, women and children came here late Saturday night.

After burning the mill property, the fire passed along the line of the railroad some three miles to Peabody Station, burning the depot and all buildings there. The entire territory on both sides of the track for about six miles is a perfect waste—timber, buildings and everything burned and track destroyed so that trains were delayed 12 hours. The loss to the railroad is estimated at over $25,000.

DOVER, N. H., May 21.—The extensive forest fires in Hele's woods, Barrington, are now under control. Loss, $20,000. Several woods in this vicinity near railroads took fire within the past few days, destroying much timber.

PORT HURON.

Snow and Sleet—The Barge "Clematis" Goes to Pieces—Other Casualties Reported.

PORT HURON, May 22.—The storm is still raging, with snow and sleet. The barge "Clematis" is waterlogged about seven miles out in the lake, off Lakeport. The crew, consisting of Capt. Lockhart, his two sons, two sailors and cook, came ashore at the light house in the yawl boat at 8 o'clock this morning. The tug "Champion" went outside to assist the "Clematis," but just as the tug rounded to the barge went 53 pieces.

Large quantities of lumber and pieces of wreckage are floating down the river.

It is reported that two scows were found off Port Austin yesterday. Telegraph wires are down; no particulars.

The following vessels have passed down—Steambarge "Palmer" and consort, and steambarge "Butteroni."

Treasury Statement.

WASHINGTON, May 19.—The statement of the United States Treasury shows gold, silver and United States notes in the Treasury to-day, as follows:

Gold coin and bullion	$192,076,043
Silver dollars and bullion	111,349,797
Fractional silver coin	28,199,668
United States notes	51,186,143
Total	$382,811,650
Certificates outstanding—gold	59,095,400
Silver	71,917,741
Currency	11,390,000

McClellan and Grant.

WASHINGTON, May 21.—There is said to be a neat little row in pickle for members of the Army of the Potomac, growing out of their recent reunion here. A good deal of bitterness was engendered by the clashing of the Grant and McClellan factions, and it is likely to result in a division at or before the next meeting. The McClellan wing was in the majority here and made its influence felt in various ways. The somewhat impolitic speech of "Little Mac," and the uproarious reception he met with, fed this already existing flame.

A Romantic Marriage.

SELMA, Ala., May 19.—The widow of the late Congressman James Q. Smith has married his nephew in Tennessee. As the laws in this State are against such marriages, they went to Kentucky, and as the same law prevailed there, they journeyed immediately to Gallatin, Tenn., where they were married. After overcoming these obstacles the couple have returned to their plantation near Selma.

At Wilkesbarre, Pa., James Colleran and Gomer Evans, boys, went into Mineral Spring mine with naked lamps. An explosion followed; Evans was torn to pieces. The body of Colleran was not recovered.

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.

A Terrific Cyclone in Portions of Illinois, Minnesota and Wisconsin.

Great Loss of Life Reported, and Hundreds of Buildings Demolished.

A May Snow Storm Extending Over Several States—Severe Frosts.

CLINTON, Ill., April 19.—A terrible cyclone passed over this vicinity last night, doing an immense amount of damage to property and killing several tenants. The wind took a southeasterly course and followed up Salt Creek, this County, on which line many houses were utterly destroyed. About six miles south of Clinton, the wind tore down a house, killing Peter Clifton, his wife and eight-year-old daughter, and fatally injuring another child. A family named Bennison were injured seriously, and many other families more or less, whose names could not be secured. The damage is very great.

STAUNTON, Ills., May 19.—At 10 o'clock last night, a tornado passed about three miles east of here, totally demolishing Livingston's fine farm residence and dangerously injuring Mr. Livingston. Other buildings in the vicinity were destroyed and orchards injured. A construction crew, composed of about 25 men of the Springfield & Southeastern Railway, were camping near Mrs. Olive's house, some sleeping in a large barn. All were seriously injured. Mr. Cantwell, contractor, and Alva Berrie were instantly killed. A little girl aged eight, cannot recover. Telegrams for aid have been sent out.

CHICAGO, May 18.—Advices from Harvard, Ill., says a cyclone, probably the same which swept things at Racine, struck that place this evening, demolishing a number of houses and killing several people.

A squall struck the city this afternoon, and the 400 feet in length and 50 in width temporary building for the coming exposition of railway appliances was blown down. Some workmen were injured, one had his leg broken and one was scalped. But for the fact that the police had driven away a large number of loungers about the place the casualties would have been numerous. The damage will be repaired in a couple of days.

RACINE, May 18.—A cyclone struck this City at 7:15, coming from the southwest and touching lightly in the northwestern portion of the Town, but doing fearful havoc in the extreme northeast, where some 35 to 40 houses are swept clean. The loss of life is variously estimated. Four are known to be killed, several others maimed, and a number missing. The darkness and confusion prevent anything like a reliable report to-night.

WATERTOWN, Wis., May 18.—The only damage in Jefferson County is to orchards and window glass, although there are rumors of buildings blown down, but no particulars can be learned. The loss will aggregate several thousand dollars. A portion of the roof of the College of the Sacred Heart, in this place, was blown off, and the south windows of the building broken by huge hail stones. The storm came from the south.

MILWAUKEE, May 18.—W. J. Johnston, who arrived on the Northwestern train which left Chicago at 5 P. M., says he saw a cloud from the southwest meet another from the northeast and sweep along with tremendous speed between the tracks of the N. W. & St. P. Ry. in sight of the train. About 15 houses were demolished and trees and telegraph poles fell across the track, necessitating the train to be stopped, and in one case a tree had to be cut to clear the way.

A waterspout was formed on the lake and burst on the shore, deluging fields. Roofs were carried many rods distant, and the scene was one of a general wreck as the train moved on towards Milwaukee. The Northwestern depot at Racine was demolished

RACINE, May 19.—The sun rose bright this morning on the scene of desolation left in the tornado's track. As yet the list of dead is inaccurate, but it is safe to estimate that 16 lives were lost in and about Racine. Men are at work clearing away the debris, and women, clad in borrowed clothing, are hurrying about with tear-stained eyes, bemoaning the loss of their homes, and relatives and friends.

Steps are already being taken to relieve those in immediate want, and Mayor Fish has issued a notice calling on citizens for contributions to be left at the office of the City Treasurer.

A special meeting of the Council was held at 10 o'clock this morning and action taken toward caring for the dead, maimed and penniless. The suffering is confined to the very northern outskirts of the City among laborers and mechanics who owned their little property, which was swept away. As near as can be learned by a careful survey of the ground, the losses are as follows: Andrew Fox, frame dwelling completely demolished and household goods scattered to the winds; loss $1,500; Michael Dougherty, frame house and contents wrecked, $500; William Lutz, saloon and dwelling blown from the foundation, $1,000; John Petara's brick dwelling, in which were 14 people, was reduced to a huge pile of ruins and no one of the inmates injured more than slightly. Two adjoining frames belonging Petara were wrecked.

Later investigation only serves to swell the list of casualties and make more sweeping the destruction occasioned by the cyclone last night. It is now estimated that fully 25 were killed and 100 injured. One hundred and fifty houses were demolished, and the cyclone struck the business center, the damage could not easily have been calculated.

At Western Union Junction, several miles west of Racine, many houses were wrecked and one young man named Webber killed.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED

at Racine, so far as known, are:

Killed—Willie and John Kastanick, 11 and 13 years old.

A little girl of Peter Dressel, 6 years.

Infant child of August Kisner.

Young daughter of Barney Willing and a young son missing.

Paul Kuhl and Albert Kuhl.

Fatally injured—Mrs. Kastanick, Simon Geese, Matt Leavin, two children of Fred. Falk, Mrs. McCarthy, Mrs. Kortz, infant child of Michael Jochein, Mrs. Jas. Decker, Mrs. Wendle.

Seriously injured—W. A. Spradel, leg and two ribs broken; Mrs. Spradel, hurt internally; Kate Lutz, 76 years old, arm broken and head crushed; Mrs. Frederick Falk, Herman Kuel, bruised about the head; Mrs. Reimer, hurt about the breast and eyes; Fred Falk, hurt, about the head and eyes; two children of Mrs. Barz; Mrs. Kistner, chest bone broken and skull fractured; Mrs. Flannagan and three children, all seriously injured; Mrs. Mary Miller, daughter and son, all badly injured; Fred Essmus, leg and face badly bruised; Michael Dorney, knee broken and one eye knocked out, child of Mrs. Wendt, seriously; Michael Jochem, wife and four children, seriously hurt; Mr. Khudson, arm broken; the family of William Gamoll, bruised and cut; William Deershing, head cut; John Lukes, seriously cut in the side; Mr. Lichfeldt, wife and boy, badly hurt; A. Krauski, Mrs. Howland, blown out of buggy, badly injured; Wm. Sprado, both legs broken and thought to be fatally injured internally; John Striple, thigh broken; Mr. Miller, arm twisted off; John Riegelman and five children, all seriously injured; Barney Willing and family, all seriously injured.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., May 19.—The damage caused by the cyclone which visited this section last night was more appaling than at first supposed. It struck the ground in Elijah Ile's farm, south of the Junction and laid waste three dwellings and as many barns and outhouses.

Mr. Ile's house, a large two-story brick, was entirely demolished. It was occupied by Mr. Booker, who was considerably injured. An infant boy was nearly killed. Across the road from Booker's place, Zeplun Wilford's home was swept away by the tornado.

ST. LOUIS, May 20.—Additional details gathered from various sources, show that the tornado last Friday night played its way through three Counties in Illinois—Montgomery, Warren and St. Charles—and, besides destroying a large amount of property, killed and more or less seriously wounded over 20 people. The largest amount of destruction seems to have been brought in St. Charles County, where the storm swept along south of the Wabash Railroad, leveling to the ground nearly everything in its path and leaving nothing but devastation and ruin in its track. The principal losses, in addition to those reported last night, are the farm house of Jos. Post, Wm. Heins, Geo. Jenkins, Jessie Johnson, R. T. Wolf, C. C. Allen, W. A. Walker, D. P. Abbington, Henry Meyer, Douglass Luckettself, wife and two daughters seriously injured. At the houses of John Jenkins, which was ruined and part of it carried away, Mr. Jenkins was killed, two sons seriously, two daughters badly injured and John Lowry badly bruised.

In the neighborhood of Florissant, St. Charles County, and thence into Warren County, for about 15 miles, the lines of the storm is traced by the following wrecks: Jos. Brook, house and outbuilding destroyed; Thomas Mills, ditto; M. J. Young, house unroofed and badly wrecked; John Glassford, residence torn to pieces and Glassford severely injured and Mr. Glassford slightly; N. O. Pringle, dwelling unroofed and outhouse destroyed; Wm. Spiess, residence and all outhouses blown away and Spiers and Ira Sherwood severely hurt; Mrs. N. P. Parsons house torn down; George P. Strong, dwelling and outhouses and large peach orchard destroyed—Mrs. Strong seriously and Miss Strong slightly hurt; Joseph Burlingame, all buildings carried away; John Mier, everything gone and one of his children injured; S. Oney and H. Johnson, houses down; John Panhort, house gone; P. Johnson, all buildings down, self and wife wounded; D. Bruk, home demolished; C. C. Allen, all buildings and machinery destroyed and stock killed; David Coleman, elegant residence and outbuildings swept away.

Besides these, more than a score of buildings were unroofed or otherwise damaged, and no end of farm and other property destroyed.

On Dog Prairie, near Richland Station, on the Keokuk Railroad, the splendid country residences and fine barns, graneries, etc., of Elisha McAtee and Leo Hayden were almost entirely destroyed, entailing a loss of at least $20,000 to each gentleman. Mr. McAtee was severely injured. The dwelling and outhouses of Conrad Short, near Richland, and two houses belonging to Mrs. Isenbrand, on Allen Prarie, were carried away and fences torn down.

On Loutre Island in the Missouri river, near Hermann, a number of miles southwest of any of the above named places, the storm totally destroyed the dwellings and outhouses of Wm. Maxey, Mr. Wirkelmeyar, Wm. Hotwick, J. C. Whitesides and Henry Van Willick.

No estimate has yet been made of the damage, but it is very bad and will no doubt run up into the hundred thousands.

Several persons, in describing the storm, say the whirling funnel-shaped cloud looked like an immense column of mist and omitted myriads of electric sparks, which presented a very beautiful appearance.

Over in Illinois the stormed raged in about the same manner it did in Missouri. Luckily, there, as on this side of the Mississippi river, it struck no town of much size, but spent its force upon farm houses, country residences, growing crops, forests, etc. In the vicinity of Edwardsville, on the Indianapolis & St. Louis Railroad, the residences of George W. Kinder, Isaac A. Davis and M. K. Barret were utterly wrecked.

At the latter house, Mr. Barret's daughter, Mrs. Frank Moxley, of Upper Alton, who was visiting her parents, was instantly killed, and all the other members of the family were more or less injured. The well on this place, containing 29 feet of water, was sucked perfectly dry. Wolf's store, a few miles from Edwardsville, was blown to pieces and four persons killed, but their names have not yet been reported.

In Dewitt County, nine houses were destroyed near Keuny, and several others in Texas Township, and three persons, named Clifton, were killed and nearly a dozen were badly injured. The house of a man named McPherson, containing six persons, was lifted into the air, carried over 100 feet and set down again, and nobody received a scratch.

MUNCIE, Ind., May 21.—Snow covers the ground for 30 miles south of here. The streams are out of their banks.

FINDLAY, May 21.—Snow is several inches deep.

WAPAKONETA, May 21.—Deep snow is breaking the trees. Thermometer. 32°.

HAGERSTOWN, Ind., May 21.—Snow has fallen since noon.

EATON, O., May 21.—Snow commenced falling at 10 o'clock this forenoon, and the ground is covered.

LIMA, May 21.—Twelve inches of snow has fallen. The trees are breaking.

BELLEFONTAINE, O., May 21.—Four inches of snow: thermometer, 34°.

MARYSVILLE, May 21.—A blinding snow storm since forenoon.

CINCINNATI, May 21.—The rain commenced here last Saturday night early with a thunder storm, and has continued ever since with short intermissions, and at 11 o'clock this morning snow fell mixed with rain, but didn't lie on the roofs and trees till after dark, and then only slightly. At 5 o'clock to-night the thermometer stood at 37°. The snow and rain continues at 10 o'clock to-night with no signs of abatement. Specials report the same features of the storm in Ohio, Indiana, and from the Ohio river to the lakes.

DETROIT, May 21.—One of the worst and most dismal storms, mingled with snow, sleet and rain, that ever struck Eastern Michigan has been raging all the afternoon, accompanied by high winds. Fruit trees with all their blossoms out present a sorry appearance.

CLEVELAND, May 21.—A severe wind storm, fitful and trying, accompanied by incessant rain, has prevailed throughout to-day, though with less violence than elsewhere in this region. Some trees, numerous telegraph poles and store signs are thrown down. The Silas Merchant's Pipe Foundry, about half built, in the extreme northwestern part of the City, was blown down, with a damage of about $3,000. Snow is reported from various parts of the State, but none here. To-night the storm has abated considerably, and it is growing colder. Word comes from numerous places in Northern Ohio of damage by wind, but nothing specially is stated, and no loss of life. The snow in Logan County is five inches deep.

PHILADELPHIA, May 21.—It has been snowing since 9 o'clock this morning, and still coming down.

CASEYVILLE, Ill., May 22.—There was a severe frost here last night, which damaged crops considerable, doing more injury than the cyclones.

CAIRO, Ill., May 22.—There was a heavy frost here last night.

THE LUTHERANS.

Steps Taken to Unite the Church North and South—More Ministers Needed.

SPRINGFIELD, May 18.—The proceedings to-day in the Evangelical Lutheran General Synod were in further consideration of the mission field and in behalf of more intimate relations in mission and educational work with other Lutheran bodies. Inducements are to be offered German Lutheran Societies to furnish students for theological seminaries under control of of this Synod.

The report of the delegate from the Lutheran General Synod South was favorably considered. It was resolved to send a delegate to the next meeting of that body. The Synod declared its readiness to unite with the Lutheran Synod South and General Council to secure common liturgical service for all English-speaking Lutherans.

The Secretary, Rev. J. W. Goodlin, presented the seventh biennial report of the Board of Home Missions. The increase of missions in two years embraced 18; German and Swedish, three each; 16 new churches were erected; aid to the Women's Society, Board of Publication and Sunday Schools, was gratefully acknowledged. The church contributions were $11,000 more than the preceding two years, and of last year $9,000 more than the first year. The Synod by resolution thanked its missionaries and set apart the first Sunday before Whit Sunday as missionary day.

A committee was appointed to devise means to increase the supply of ministers for the home mission field. Churches are asked for $60,000 for this work the next two years. A committee was appointed to investigate the propriety of connecting with the college at Carthage, Ill., a department for the instruction of German, Swedish and Norwegian ministers.

To-night anniversary exercises of the Home Mission Board, with numerous speakers.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., May 18.—At to-day's session of the Lutheran Ministers' Union, regular Committees were announced and the Secretaries of various Conferences made reports. The action of the minister of the First Conference preaching at and assisting in the dedication of Union chapel, was disapproved by the Synod, and a resolution adopted instructing clergymen belonging to the Synod not to participate in such service in future.

Ex-Sen. Kellogg Notified to Appear June 18.

WASHINGTON, May 21.—Before the resumption of regular proceedings in the star route case, Wilson said he understood the Government had required his client, ex-Sen. Kellogg, to appear in Court to-morrow to answer to a charge of misdemeanor. Kellogg was now in New Orleans, under bonds, and it was unjust to require his attendance under such notices.

The Court said it would answer the purpose if Kellogg appeared Monday, June 18th.

Ingersoll then resumed his address with a bitter assault on Moore's evidence, which he said had been bargained for in open shambles. He asked Merrick if Moore did not refuse to go on the stand until an arrangement had been made for Boone's immunity.

Merrick replied by an emphatic denial of any knowledge of such arrangement.

Ex-Confeds on a Visit.

NIAGARA FALLS, May 21.—The reunion of the 5th Virginia Infantry and 28th New York Volunteers took place here to-day. The visiting regiments were escorted to Prospect Park by members of the G. A. R., where the Virginia regiment was welcomed. Capt. Bumgardner, of Virginia, presented to the 28th the flag the Virginians captured from them during the rebellion. The Southerners are in ecstacy over their treatment. The weather is very cold, rainy and uncomfortable for the visitors. They leave for home to-morrow.

BISHOP PECK.

Death of the Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

The death of this distinguished divine of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which occurred on the 17th inst., at his home in Syracuse, N. Y., recalls the visit he made in Toledo in July